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CHRONICLE.

The Royal Family. YESTERDAY week the PRINCE OF WALES was present at an Imperial Institute reception celebrating submarine telegraphy. The Duke of YORK (who has this week visited Aberdeen on business) went to the East of London and opened things.

In Parliament. A very important debate took place in the Lords. House of Lords, yesterday week, Lord LANSDOWNE bringing before the House the ill feeling created in India by the exemption of cotton goods from the new Indian tariff—a piece of Imperial shabbiness to which we have often drawn attention. Lord REAY was put up to answer him, but the answer was so feeble that (the attack having been renewed by Lord ROBERTS and Lord CROSS) Lord KIMBERLEY, as he generally has had to do, came to the rescue, and did what he could, as also did the LORD CHANCELLOR subsequently. But it was not much; and Lord NORTHBROOK, who came between the two Gladstonians, might almost have sufficed to answer them, while Lord LANSDOWNE remained quite unanswered.

In the Lower House Sir EDWARD GREY Commons contradicted the report of the refusal of the extradition of JABEZ BALFOUR; and the Evicted Tenants Bill reappeared. It was soon seen, however, that the vapourings of Ministerialists as to Closure that night were a vain thing. In fact, as was his plain duty, the SPEAKER refused to put the gagging of a debate on a measure of the first importance after a night and a half had been devoted to it. The debate was a good one; but perhaps nothing in it was so interesting as the assertions of the eminent and sapient Mr. BYLES of Bradford—that the evicted tenants were "models for all the tenants of Ireland"; that "the Irish people would be justified in taking "the law into their own hands"; that the authors of agrarian outrages were "the very salt of "Ireland"; and that the Irish tenant "had "created his farm." The debate was adjourned on the motion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN.

On Monday the Lords advanced several Bills and talked about rabies.

In the Lower House Sir EDWARD GREY Commons communicated assurances that Italy had no intention of evading her undertakings in regard to Kassala; and then the last night of the

second-reading debate of the Evicted Tenants Bill began. It was much livelier than any debate for some weeks, or even months, past. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN raked the Bill thoroughly, and Mr. HEALY, having failed to answer in any but *ad hominem* style, afterwards tried interrupting Mr. BALFOUR, who put him down, and indulged in language much stronger than he habitually uses in the House with reference to the measure. Its chief defenders, besides Mr. HEALY, were Mr. DILLON, in a long-winded, and Mr. MORLEY, who concluded, in a necessarily brief, speech. In the division which followed Government obtained a majority of 32; but no Unionist, except Mr. COURTNEY, who is nothing if not an exception, voted with them.

The Lords on Tuesday read the Chimney Sweepers Bill a second time, and passed that relating to Industrial Schools.

The evening in the Commons was occupied by the Equalization of Rates (London) Bill, of which, it seems, the Gladstonians had the Gladstonianism to suggest the closing after a single night's debate. It is, perhaps, almost a pity that the SPEAKER did not allow this; for nothing could have given such a striking object-lesson of the theory and practice of legislation of the party that affects to call itself Liberal.

The debate was resumed and finished on Wednesday, when, Mr. GOSCHEN having delivered a long and damaging criticism of the Bill, the Closure was invoked, and not resisted to a division. An attempt to refer the Bill to a large Select Committee—a sort of London Grand Committee—was made, but failed.

In the Upper House, on Thursday, Lord ROSEBURY moved the second reading of the Finance Bill silently, nor did he or Lord SALISBURY speak at any time, while there was no division against the measure. The PRIME MINISTER's former statement, however, that the Peers had nothing to do with a money Bill but to pass it, was nearly as ill treated as if the Bill had been rejected, or even amended. For his own LORD CHANCELLOR ate the words for his chief as far as rejection went, and practically admitted that the right of amendment was at least matter of argument; while the debate, as a whole, put the objections to the Bill as fully as was needful. The

chief speaker was the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, but the Dukes of RUTLAND and ARGYLL contributed interesting arguments and reminiscences on the amendment question; and we are not sure that Lord FARRER, who put the matter on frank "ransom" principles, did not do his own side more damage than any Opposition speaker.

Commons. The Scotch Coal Strike and the Corean matter having formed the subject of questions, the House went into Committee on the Evicted Tenants Bill and stayed there all the evening, the same policy of brute refusal to argue or defend being adopted by the Government as in the case of the Finance Bill. And, indeed, when you have got a majority which cannot argue, but can vote, it is doubtless the best course.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week the London Municipal Society held its first meeting and chose officers, Sir HORACE FARQUHAR being appointed President.

A deputation waited upon the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD on Tuesday in reference to the collection of pauper children in large associated schools.

The Liberal-Unionist Association met on Wednesday, and was addressed by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE. News came from Ireland of unusually violent opposition to evictions—the natural consequence of the Evicted Tenants Bill.

The Select Committee on the Chiltern Hundreds heard evidence from Lord COLERIDGE on Thursday. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE spoke at the meeting of the Technical and Secondary Education Association, and the Rural Labourers' League met.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. News this day week included the passing of the first clause of the French Anarchist Bill, some sulks from the French Chauvinist press as to the Italian success at Kassala, floods in India, and much quarrelling in America over the Tariff Bill.

This last feature continued in the news of Monday, which also contained more and more threatening intelligence as to the probability of war between China and Japan, the blame being clearly on the latter. The French Anarchist Bill was being handled in a manner not wholly creditable to M. DUPUY's Parliamentary management. It was not surprising to hear that Portugal in her African dispute with Germany was anxious for arbitration, and that Germany was not. The German principle in these matters is simple, and there is much to be said for it. It is this: "You must not have what you want if I do not wish you to have it; but what I wish to have is mine by the mere fact of my wishing." There was once more some chance of a financial settlement between Greece and her creditors.

There was little that was noteworthy in the foreign news of Tuesday, though all the old subjects received some accessions of intelligence. The bullet-proof cuirass was said to have been pronounced valueless in its native country.

The flatness of foreign news was at last diversified on Wednesday morning by reports of actual hostilities in the extreme East, fighting in Seoul between Coreans and Japanese, the bombardment of a fort by Japanese gunboats, and the sinking of a Chinese transport; but no regular war had been declared, and all these reports were subject to correction. The Japanese Government had apologized for the insult to Mr. GARDNER. More flood-damage was reported from India. Mr. Grand-Master Workman SOVEREIGN had been vapouring again about a PULLMAN boycott by his Knights of Labour, and Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria had again been talking to journalists. It strikes us that Prince FERDINAND of Bulgaria is rather too fond of talking to journalists.

As was expected, there was no confirmation on Thursday morning of the alleged hostilities in and about Corea; but it was obvious that they might occur at any moment, though there was also talk of arrangement, of foreign intervention, and so forth. Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY, recently Premier of Newfoundland, had been found guilty of bribery and corruption. The French Anarchist Bill was making head against violent opposition.

There was no Corean news yesterday morning. The French delegates had accepted, but the English and German had refused, M. TRICOURPIS's offers to the Greek bondholders. In France the Anarchist Bill had passed by 268 to 163. MEUNIER, the man extradited from England, had been sentenced to penal servitude for life.

Meetings. The LORD MAYOR gave a dinner at the Dinners, &c. Mansion House on Monday to the Belgian Minister, with more special reference to the Antwerp Exhibition.

On Tuesday the London Chamber of Commerce listened to a bimetallist address from Mr. ISEMONGER, Colonial Treasurer of the Straits Settlements. The Wesleyan Conference, at which the chief subjects of discussion have been ladies and bishops; an International Textile Conference at Manchester; and the University Extension Meeting at Oxford have been going on during the week.

Many school and college "speeches" and prize-givings have taken place during the week, the chief being the Apposition Day of St. Paul's, at which strong protests were made as to the way in which the new scheme, even as qualified by Mr. ACLAND, would cripple the School.

A very extraordinary story, by the way, one on which it would not be proper to comment till the other side has been heard, has appeared in the papers this week as to the price, and the circumstances of purchase, of the site of the present St. Paul's School.

The Institution of Naval Architects has been "congressing" at Southampton, and the British Institute of Public Health in London.

Correspondence. Two letters of length appeared on Tuesday morning, one written by an American Bishop to the Archbishop of DUBLIN, in reference to the new communion which the Archbishop has been instrumental in introducing into Spain, the other from Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE, suggesting relief to agriculture by a steady and unrelenting consumption of British beer and cider. Than this we have seen worse and more disagreeable schemes. As for Lord PLUNKET, his hope that Bishop PERRY's account will put a better face on the Spanish intrusion scheme will hardly be justified in the case of any intelligent churchman. The Bishop of IOWA, representing a country which has no National Church, naturally thinks "the more the 'merrier' in Spain. English Churchmen cannot forget that Spain possesses a National Church, though it may be one which they think susceptible of improvement. And they cannot see that Roman interloping in England excuses Irish interloping in Spain.

Yesterday morning Mr. RIDER HAGGARD wrote on the Three-volume Novel question.

The London County Council. On Tuesday the London County Council met and listened to its Chairman's review of the *faits et gestes* of the Council during the year. In the discussion afterwards Mr. BURNS grumbled at the encroachment of animals and flowers in the Parks on the ground available for "the people." A nice clear gravel space, with a Board School playground for the people to amuse themselves on and listen to speeches, with a coffee tavern in the corner—that may seem to be Mr. BURNS's notion of a recreation ground. To do Mr. BURNS justice, however, it seems

that he only wanted more cricket-gounds, football-gounds, &c. By all means. But a flower-bed or two and some deer will do the people no harm.

Strikes. The nature and prospects of Coal Conciliation may be gauged from the remark of Mr. PICKARD, as he received a little purse of money on Tuesday, that if any coalowners did not adopt the recent terms, the men "would do all that in them lay" "to prevent these owners from working their pits." So what A agrees to do with B is to be compulsory on C.

It is sad to have to say that Mr. BEN TILLETT, another great captain of idleness (as the promoters of strikes may without unfairness be termed), has been less fortunate than Mr. PICKARD. He has not received purses of money; but, on the contrary, was upbraided on Wednesday by excited dockers with "taking three hundred a year and riding on a bicycle while they were starving." Indeed the meeting exhibited, unless the reports lie, such evident signs of "going for" Mr. TILLETT, that Mr. TILLETT preferred to go himself.

The Law Courts. Yesterday week the Anarchists QUINN and CANTWELL were committed for trial; and a somewhat cheering reminder that private rights are not entirely obsolete in England was given by the granting of injunctions to restrain the fiendish nuisance of merry-go-round organs. We use the word fiendish not as an expletive, but deliberately; for no being not diabolic could possibly take pleasure either in the production or the hearing of such sounds.

Magisterial inquiry in Ireland as to a recent rather dubious "lark" at Birr barracks, where certain Militia officers, attempting to "draw" an army surgeon, had found themselves, or had been found, in his maid-servants' room, ended lamely; some of the accused being discharged, while the Court could not agree about the others.

An interesting person named FURNEAU, who appears to have devoted the greater part of her life up to the age of forty-five to the really difficult and intellectual—but, unfortunately, illegal—art of obtaining money on false pretences, was sent to prison, on Tuesday, for ten years.

Two murderers—one of his wife, the other of his brother—were found to be insane on Wednesday.

Yachting. No accident helped the *Vigilant* yesterday week in Dublin Bay, and the *Britannia* beat her all the way by two minutes at the finish, without time allowance.

Next day the *Vigilant* obtained her second victory—her first, indeed, if sailing the match out be thought necessary.

But the American boat's fortune did not hold, though the next race, at Queenstown, on Monday, was sailed under conditions thought to be most favourable to her—open sea (the openest she has yet had), smooth water, and yet plenty of wind. The *Britannia*, after being at one time well behind, caught her up, passed her, and won by 45 seconds.

The see-saw continued on Tuesday, when the *Vigilant* had her turn of luck, and won pretty decisively by four minutes.

Unfortunately the Cork rubber was not played out, the *Vigilant*'s owner considering that she required repairs on Wednesday. The *Britannia* accordingly sailed over.

Rowing. The Wingfield Sculls, or, in other words, the Thames Amateur Sculling Championship, were fought for on Monday by Mr. VIVIAN NICKALLS and Mr. GUINNESS, the former winning.

Racing. Those enthusiasts who maintained that the running in the Princess of Wales's Stakes was not true received much discouragement in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown last week. Here Ladas and

Isinglass met once more, with Ravensbury and Raeburn, with Priestholme to make the running for Isinglass, and with two others on the principle that something might turn up. This time the meeting was quite decisive, for Isinglass, with his twelve pounds extra, wore Ladas right down at the end of the mile and a quarter course, and won by a good length, there being no shadow of doubt about the performance.

The National Breeders' Produce Stakes, a two-year-old prize of great value, was won this day week by Mr. COOPER'S Saintly, under the heavy weight of 9 stone 6.

An interesting race had been expected for the rich St. George's Stakes at Liverpool on Tuesday, Bullingdon being entered; but a stable accident prevented the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S colt from running, and the race, being reduced to a match, was won by Sir J. BLUNDELL MAPLE'S Royal Victoria.

The Liverpool Cup on Wednesday fell to Son of a Gun.

At Gatwick Mr. McCALMONT'S two-year-old The Lombard won the most valuable race of the day, the Crabbet Plate.

Cricket. The matches of the end of last week were made interesting by vicissitudes. Kent, who had had a great advantage over Notts on the first day, were beaten by 13 runs; and Surrey, who had been far ahead of Leicestershire, collapsed in their second innings for 35, and lost by one less.

Only one match of interest was left over till Saturday, when Lancashire beat Gloucestershire by 243.

The monotonous condition of "rain," which has marked cricket reports for some time past, applied particularly to the first day of this week's cricket. A good deal, however, was got through at intervals, and at Taunton Lancashire stayed in all day against Somerset for the loss of two wickets only, and with the result of 260 runs, of which SUGG contributed 157, not out.

Tuesday's weather was worse still in some places, notably at Taunton and Birmingham, where Warwickshire was playing Derbyshire, and no play could be achieved at either. Elsewhere there was fluky cricket, with small scores for the most part, Yorkshire beating Gloucestershire by 26 runs.

Kent beat Surrey on Wednesday, Sussex Notts, and Warwickshire Derbyshire. The Lancashire and Somerset match was drawn.

Bisley. The second stage of the Queen's Prize was finished at Bisley yesterday week, the silver medal going to Captain BRENNAN, of the Tower Hamlets.

The meeting came to an end, after a very miserable fortnight in point of weather, this day week, when Private RENNIE, of the 3rd Lanark, won the Queen's Prize. The St. George's went to Sergeant KING, a Canadian; the National Challenge Cup to the Scottish Twenty; and the interesting mounted competitions for Volunteers and regulars respectively, the Loyd-Lindsay and the Cambridge Shield, fell, the first to the Ayrshire Yeomanry, and the second to the Scots Greys. The Duchess of CONNAUGHT gave the prizes, and the DUKE addressed the winners.

Miscellaneous. Hackney Marsh was declared open by the Chairman of the London County Council this day week, when the new Golf Club at Chislehurst was also opened with a speech from Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, who also played a "foursome" with Mr. BLYTH against Mr. GERALD BALFOUR and Mr. MURE FERGUSON, the latter pair being the winners. Mr. BALFOUR congratulated his hearers on the spread of the game. There were more lunatics in England and Wales than ever before. The torpedo-destroyer *Daring* in her trial nearly touched thirty-four miles an hour.

A "letter of protest," signed by certain persons of distinction, has been sent to Lord KIMBERLEY in the matter of the Assouan Reservoir.

A railway accident, which cost one life, injured several passengers, and blocked both the Guildford and Horsham routes from London to Portsmouth for some hours, took place on Monday on the short line between Havant and Cosham, close to the Portsmouth or Farlington Racecourse.

Heavy thunderstorms were reported from the country on Thursday morning; but, though the weather in London had been of the most thundery description, none had actually occurred there up to that date.

Maneuvres, naval and military, French and English, have been very much the order of the week.

The restored west front of Rochester Cathedral was dedicated on Wednesday, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY being present, with other distinguished persons, clerical and lay.

Obituary. Mr. GRAHAM, an American newspaper proprietor, who had passed his eightieth year, long ago won a place in literary history by being one of the best friends and employers of EDGAR POE.

The loss of Mr. HALE, whose portrait was admirably done not very long ago in *Vanity Fair*, will be regretted by all good Etonians. He was a Master who combined firmness and kindness in a rare degree, as those who were "up to him" will remember.

THE NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

THE Naval Manoeuvres have begun this year with, as far as appears, rather less than the usual tale of breakdowns. This in itself is an unquestionable tribute to their utility as far as it goes. Whatever else the manœuvres may do or may not do, they must give the dockyards capital practice in the work of getting ships ready for sea quickly and on a large scale. The value of the drill is to some extent diminished by the fact that the date at which it is to be gone through is known beforehand, and there is opportunity to do a great many things quietly which facilitate rapid progress when the actual time has come. But, as the practice recurs yearly, there is the better chance that neither men nor things will be allowed to get rusty. The work may be done more rapidly than would be the case on a really sudden call, but as it is, after all, the same work, the more frequently it is done in peace the better it will be done in real need. The ships, too, which are made ready quietly for this yearly demonstration would be equally at hand for another purpose. This fact is occasionally overlooked by people who may be heard to complain that the mobilization is a sham because it is not really a surprise.

As for the manœuvres themselves, of which the general idea has been published, we have little to do except to repeat the moral which we have drawn from previous things of the same kind. Whatever the use of them may be as giving wholesome practice to officers and men, and affording opportunities for testing the working efficiency of ships, they can prove nothing strategical or tactical which has not been established to demonstration already. Here is the whole problem in a nutshell. Let A B C be an isosceles triangle of dry land, of which the base, A—C, is taboo. Nobody is to pass along it. Let the Red Fleet be divided between A, B, and C. At some point on the line A—B put half the Blue Fleet; and at some point on the line C—B put the other. The problem is, Can the three parts of the Red Fleet unite before the two parts of the Blue? We answer at once, That entirely depends on luck and smartness; and we shall be able to say nothing else when the manœuvres

are over. As far as mere distance goes, Blue, who "operates on interior lines," must concentrate first, unless the force at the apex is strong enough to knock one-half of him to pieces—or even to tackle both halves. In the present case the force at the apex consists of a handful of torpedo-boats "mothered" by a coast-defence ironclad, to whom Blue need pay no very respectful attention. We foresee infinite strategical comment, and are prepared to meet it in the proper way. When you see a green wave close ahead you know that there will shortly be a shower of spray. Therefore, you look up cheerfully by way of precaution to prevent it running down your back inside your shirt, knowing that it is, when properly met, of no consequence. We hope this nautical metaphor will be considered appropriate to the subject.

On the present occasion a certain novelty is given to the manœuvres by the fact that a proportion of seamen of the Naval Reserve is taken in the crews. It is said that naval officers are interested to see how merchant seamen will adapt themselves to the life of a man-of-war. The experiment is one which most certainly ought to be tried on the largest possible scale. It is an old observation that the man-of-war's man and the merchant sailor were always two different types. Under the present system by which the navy is manned the difference is greater than ever, for the blue-jackets are drawn wholly from the training-ships. Yet during war it is certain that these two very different classes of men must work together, if the navy is to be manned at all. For the officers the experience will be of particular value. The defect of the modern system of manning the navy is that it trains everybody except the stokers too carefully from the beginning. It is very agreeable, no doubt, to have crews which have been trained from the cradle; but in war they will not be attainable. Officers will be all the better for a little practice in dealing with unfamiliar elements in the men under their command.

SWORDS FROM CULLODEN.

THE MACKINTOSHES, STEWARTS, and other clans, after penetrating the first English line at Culloden, fell in swathes before the fire, and on the bayonets, of the second line. CUMBERLAND, if not an amiable man, or a general commonly successful, had at least taught his men to deceive the parry of the Highland targe; and this advantage, with all the others which well-fed and well-disciplined troops possess over men starving, outworn, and, as concerns the MACDONALDS, mutinous, decided the fate of Prince CHARLES.

That the swords of his gallant adherents who fell on Drumossie Moor should be found by a descendant of his hereditary enemy of ARGYLL in a fence at Twickenham is certainly a very singular circumstance. In his pamphlet, *Notes on Swords from the Battlefield of Culloden* (C. J. CLARK), Lord ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL gives an account of his discovery, with some notes on the blades, and on ANDREA FERRARA. Some years ago Lord ARCHIBALD, whose knowledge of dirks and claymores is extensive, heard that there existed such a fence of steel. Years passed again, and then he found the fence in a back-yard at Richmond. It is described by the Rev. R. S. CORBETT in his *Memorials of Twickenham*. Twickenham House belonged to Dr. JOHNSON'S "very unclubable" Sir JOHN HAWKINS. The next information came from Mr. EDWARD ROSS, the famous rifle-shot, who had seen the hedge of blades *in situ*. They were said by Dr. DIAMOND to have been made into the fence of a flower garden by a Lord TWEEDALE. When Lord ARCHIBALD secured these heroic relics, he found that six inches had been broken from the point

of each blade, while the tang of the hilt end had also been shortened. They were welded into two horizontal iron bars. The paint which covered them has preserved the metal so well that they are as good as on the day when they were first forged. There are five kinds of swords :—(1) a broad double-edged blade with a heavy centre rib—"a heavy small "sword"; (2) a broad-backed sword with a single cutting edge. These are often stamped with a fleur de lys, and, we presume, came over with FITZ-JAMES's horse, or from other French sources, but some are of English make. (3) There are small-swords, some without groove, the rib rising in the centre. ANDREA FERRARA's name is on the short groove of other small-swords, a thing very unusual. (4) There are Highland broadswords proper, with one, two, or three grooves or flutings. ANDREA's name is in the grooves. (5) There are a few Hanoverian swords; two bear a crowned G. R. As to ANDREA, Sir NOEL PATON has a sword with his name, and the gold cross and ball, which he assigns to KEPPOCH, who charged alone in front of the MACDONALDS at Culloden, and fell, unable to survive the treason of his clan; whereof they were to furnish a still more deplorable example later. Lord ARCHIBALD himself has a genuine Andrea, exhibited at Mr. EGERTON CASTLE's lecture on Arms (1891); but it bears no gold cross and ball. It is certain, we learn, that Andreas were forged at Solingen for the Scotch market; the Germans also copied our hilts. That ANDREA worked at Banff is a legend for which documentary evidence is desirable. He commonly wrought, according to the Baron DE COSSON, at Belluno, in Venetia, during the last half of the sixteenth century. Now most of the so-called Andreas are of the seventeenth century. Consequently, the general run of examples must be like the general run of Old Philp golf-clubs—spurious. Yet the old Solingen forgeries are valuable, as good steel; and it is well known that, as Mr. WILKINSON has said and proved, the Andrea flexibility might easily be produced. Very recently Mr. W. S. SIMPSON has, as it seems, re-discovered the Andrea secret. A bad sword may mean the death of its owner, as was shown not long ago in Afghanistan. An officer gave point at an Afghan, his blade snapped or crumpled up, and he was cut down. Not with such a sword did WILLIAM CHISHOLM slay sixteen Hanoverians at Culloden, and Gillie MACBAIN fourteen. It seems that many swords of the Forty-five were cut down from the ancient two-handed *Claidheamh-mor*, as one used by Major EVAN MCGREGOR, aide-de-camp of the Prince; it is now in the possession of Lady HELEN MCGREGOR. A Coll sword, two-handed, said to have been that with which ROBERT BRUCE tool'd at Bannockburn, weighs four pounds and a half, and is admirably balanced. Another Bannockburn blade weighs six pounds and a half. There were giants in the land.

THE ITALIANS AT KASSALA.

IT was clear from the first, and it has become clearer by subsequent intelligence, that the capture of Kassala by the Italians may become a very important turning-point in the history of North-East Africa. The place (with its district) has for many years been a bone of contention between whatsoever Powers possessed military force on either side of it. It was thereabouts that Abyssinians and Egyptians had their chief tussles in the days when the latter were most enterprising in extending their power from the Nile; it was at Kassala that the Egyptian garrison held out most stoutly against the Mahdists, while the latter also attacked the troops of King JOHN; and it is at Kassala that the

Italians, having at length worked up in force from the coast, have in turn dealt a heavy blow at the followers of the KHALIFA. It must not, of course, be taken for granted that General BARATIERI's success is final and assured. Fanaticism has strange revenges and recoveries in it. But the Italians have all the resources of civilization except money, and a little of that, properly managed, goes a long way in No Man's Land. It is something more than possible that no attempt will be made to wrest the place from them; and something more than probable that they will be able to resist any attempt that is made.

This, however, by no means exhausts the possibilities or probabilities of the situation. As we have said elsewhere, these possibilities or probabilities do not, in the most strictly immediate and direct sense, much concern England; for the Italians are our very good friends, they hold what they are pleased to call "Eritrea" practically by our license, and they are under articles to return Kassala to Egypt as soon as Egypt is ready to hold it. Nor, though some of their more Chauvinist papers talk of repudiating this article, need we be disturbed at that; for it would be excessively foolish of Italy to quarrel with England, and as soon as Egypt (that is to say, England) works once more up to the Abyssinian frontier, Kassala will lose its principal value to Italy. It is of the greatest value while the Powers on either side of it are unfriendly; it does not greatly matter who has it when they are at peace.

But, if not the immediate facts, the immediate consequences of the facts, touch England very nearly indeed. The French, who, saying that they fight for glory, never fight for anything whatever but gain (though they often calculate that gain so badly that it turns out loss), are seriously disturbed over this Kassala matter, and that for several reasons. In the first place, they at this particular moment hate the Italians more than anybody, except ourselves; and the reduction of Kassala strikes them as, in some vague way, benefiting both perfidious Albion and upstart Italy, so ungrateful for being relieved of Savoy and Nice. Secondly, their colonial-men have always had some hope of transforming the barren possession of Obock-Tajurrah (with or without the help of the presumed friendship of Abyssinia) into a solid hold on East Africa, which may be connected *via* the headwaters of the Ubangi-Welle and Lake Tchad with the French Soudan on the west. Thirdly, but in strict connexion with this last-mentioned grandiose dream, there are the designs of advancing north-eastward from the Ubangi-Welle by the Bahr-el-Ghazal to the Nile which have prompted the recent French grumbles about the Anglo-Belgian agreement. The average Frenchman is, indeed, more hopelessly ignorant where any of these places are than the average Englishman, which is saying a good deal. But he is quite sure that, in the classic phrase, "somebody ought to be "wopped" for such things as the taking of Kassala.

We pass other possibilities from other European Powers, though after the recent excitement in Germany about an arrangement which did not, according to international law, concern Germany at all, anything is possible. But the possibilities in regard to the Powers that actually be in the Soudan itself are very obvious. Little has lately been heard of the actual state of things at Khartoum, or rather Omdurman; and, if the Anglo-Egyptian Intelligence Department knows, as it probably does, it has kept its knowledge to itself. But it is, so to speak, matter of common knowledge, and it is in accordance with the universal experience of religious risings, that the authority of the KHALIFA is very much on the wane. If it be so, such an event as that at Kassala is likely to produce either a break-up of the

Mahdist domination altogether, or a violent attempt to retaliate, which may very likely take the road down the Nile as well as that up the Atbara, or in the direction of the Welle. In other words, the huge regions which Egypt for a time conquered, which the intelligence of BAKER and GORDON organized, which ill luck, Egyptian weakness, and the slackness of England abandon to chaos, are likely once more to be in the market. And there is not, as there was before, only one bidder. The Italians at Kassala, the Belgians at or somewhere about Lado, the French pressing on their heels up the Ubangi, are all actual or possible neighbours, and are active competitors. If we choose, what with our acknowledged rights as tutors of Egypt, and with our actual hold on both the mouth and the sources of the Nile, no one can touch us or wrest from our wards the really rich and really practicable regions which are at present shut alike to trade, to travel, to civilization, and to peace. But we must be up and doing like these others; or these others will take the prize.

THE EVICTED TENANTS BILL.

EVER since the formation of Mr. GLADSTONE's Government two years ago political gossip has always had it that Mr. MORLEY occupies his present important, but uncomfortable, post by "special desire" of his colleagues in the Cabinet. So very special, indeed, was this desire that it is understood to have found expression in something like a unanimous insistence on their part that the accomplished Minister who had almost divided the honours of the first Home Rule Bill with his illustrious Chief should not be allowed to renounce the glory of completing his great work. This fixed resolve that the one subordinate member of the Government who had stewed longest and most thoroughly in a certain juice should be compelled to stew in it still, was, if unheroic, eminently human; but the policy which animated it was surely pushed a little too far in the debate on the second reading of the Evicted Tenants Bill. A redeeming touch of chivalry would have been given to these highly judicious tactics if some one Cabinet Minister, say Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, had given the CHIEF SECRETARY to the LORD-LIEUTENANT a helping hand. It was profoundly pathetic to see poor Mr. MORLEY left alone to defend the most profligately lawless piece of legislation with which even the Gladstonian party have ever been associated; or, if not alone, with only that assistance which would always be forthcoming in such a case—the advocacy of professional lawyers. A still more poignant note of pathos was struck, however, in the circumstance that even these invariably ready allies might but too probably have failed him had not one of the trio of legal men-at-arms been a Law Officer of the Crown and the other two a couple of rival "under-studies" notoriously rehearsing for the succession to his part.

It is difficult, however, to say whether there is more of the tragic than the comic in the poverty of such support as this. Of the efforts of the two understudies it is better to say nothing, except that Mr. LOCKWOOD defended the Bill in order to remind the Government of his existence, and that Mr. HALDANE followed on the same side in order that the fact of Mr. LOCKWOOD's existence might not too exclusively occupy their attention. As to Sir ROBERT REID's defence of the measure, we can forgive its many shortcomings for the sake of this one delightful sentence:—"It was desirable to say as little as one could of 'the Plan of Campaign.' So desirable was it that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL made no other reference to it than the remark that the tenants who have lost their holdings through their participation in that criminal conspiracy have been 'sufficiently punished already,'

a remark which, whatever its truth, is scarcely an adequate justification of a measure which proposes to reward them. But it is not the mere feebleness of the apologies offered by these three legal gentlemen and their Ministerial client for the Evicted Tenants Bill that constitutes its most damning exposure; it is the form that those apologies take—or rather it is the fact that any apologies are required at all. For if the measure were what it professes to be; if the elaborate safeguards against injustice in its operation were solid realities instead of insolent shams, its defence might have been safely left to Mr. HEALY, and its Ministerial supporters might have relied upon his citation of those cases of hardship occurring under the ordinary working of the Land Acts to which the proposed "relief" would extend. In other words, the Government and their party would have been able to say that their Bill, as administered by the arbitrators to be appointed under it, would do wrong to no man; that it would force no insolvent or dishonest tenant upon any landlord, nor put any such tenants in a position of advantage as compared with those who have faithfully carried out their contracts; and that any one who imagined or asserted to the contrary must have failed to note the careful instructions which were given to the arbitrators under the Bill to withhold its benefit from any tenant who had "unreasonably" refused to come to an agreement with his landlord.

The persistent abstention of every Ministerialist speaker—English or Irish—from this perfectly valid and, indeed, theoretically conclusive defence of the measure amounts to proof positive of its real purpose. No one with a cause to defend is in the habit of denying himself the use of his strongest argument without overwhelming reason for foregoing its employment. But, of course, the plain fact is that the Government dare not run the risk of corrupting their arbitrators by even suggesting that the instructions given in the Bill to that tribunal mean what they say. Take, for instance, the provision which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN subjected to such damaging treatment the other night—the provision that every tenant applying to the tribunal for reinstatement is to show that he has not "unreasonably refused an offer of his landlord." How could the Government possibly venture even to hint to the arbitrators that they are to take this proviso seriously? What would be the consequences if they did? Why, obviously that the applications of every one of Mr. SMITH BARRY'S and Lord LANSOWNE'S tenants would have to be rejected. For in these cases there was not only no question of the reasonable or unreasonable of a landlord's offer in a rent dispute; there was no rent dispute at all. The claim of these men to the benefits of the Bill would depend upon whether the arbitrators considered it "reasonable" for a tenant to refuse to pay a rent with the amount of which he was perfectly satisfied in order to punish his landlord for certain proceedings taken by him in an entirely different part of the country. And what view these highly trained experts would take of this question—nay, what view would be taken of it by any three fairly honest and intelligent men left free to act upon the dictates of their honesty and intelligence—is not for a moment doubtful. No wonder the Government have so carefully refrained from uttering a word which might unduly impress the arbitrators with the idea that they are meant to bring a judicial instead of a political mind to bear upon such a question as this. No; if their judicial mind wants exercise at all, the Government evidently think that they had better exercise it on that pleasing dilemma which Mr. BALFOUR dealt with so happily between the "circumstances of the eviction" and the "circumstances of the district." It will have plenty of play in deciding

whether, when the former set of circumstances show that an evicted tenant is utterly undeserving of reinstatement, and the latter make it eminently probable that he will murder or maltreat the "landgrabber" who has succeeded him if he is not reinstated, he ought or ought not to be restored to his holding.

If the Government, however, have been chary of reference to the judicial provisions of the Bill, they have made up for it by an abundant candour as to its political object. Mr. MORLEY'S one argument in its favour is that it will put an end to "grave and serious difficulties, social and administrative." But what are these difficulties? They begin and end in the fact that a certain number of Irish agitators and their instruments, having matched themselves against the law and the Executive, and having got the worst of it, audaciously threaten to go on disturbing social order and the public peace until they are indemnified for the losses they have sustained. And since, in the view of the Government, the only way in which it is possible to put an end to these difficulties is to provide that indemnity, the arbitrators under the Bill are as good as told that they will disappoint the authors and defeat the object of the measure unless they can see their way to providing it. Of what avail is it to talk hypocritical nonsense, like Mr. HALDANE, about the "wide discretionary powers" of these gentlemen, when it is obvious that, if they exercised those powers in anything even remotely resembling a judicial spirit, the whole of Mr. MORLEY'S "grave and serious difficulties, social and administrative," would remain untouched? The position, indeed, in which the members of this mock tribunal are placed is one of the most disgraceful features of this disgraceful mockery of legislation. It is truly shocking, as we have often had occasion to point out, to note the way in which every successive concession to fraud and violence which has marked the steps of our legislation for Ireland throughout the last quarter of a century has been accompanied by ever deeper and deeper pollutions of the very well-springs of justice. From the date of the appointment of the Land Commission under the Act of 1881 the process has been steadily going on. But surely we must almost have "touched bottom" in a Bill which appoints one of the most distinguished of Irish advocates on the equity side to preside over a tribunal whose sole function, and only reason of existence, is to "decree unrighteousness as a law."

THE COREAN QUARREL.

If we could be sure that the contest between China and Japan for the command of Corea would remain, in the modern phrase, localized, it would be possible to regard it with feelings not very remote from amusement. There is something decidedly absurd in the thoroughness with which Japan has adopted the clothes of Europe. It has not only everything handsome about it in the way of weapons and Parliamentary institutions, including a most unmanageable Opposition, but it has supplied itself with a mission of the most imposing character. The Japanese have undertaken to introduce the benefits of civilization into Corea, and have conducted themselves just like a real civilizing Power engaged in elevating humanity by progressive blows and knocks. If the dispute could be confined to them and the Chinese, we could afford to look on not without a rather comfortable conviction that our advanced and advancing Japanese friends will make sooner or later a discovery which seldom fails to be made by those who fall out with that enemy—namely, that it is one thing to beat a Chinese army and quite another

thing to beat the Chinese Government. The difference between the two feats is much that between killing a handful of blackbeetles and excluding the race effectually from the kitchen. The Russians could tell the Japanese something, and so could the French officials in Tonquin. Perhaps, also, HER MAJESTY'S Indian and Foreign Offices could be helpful.

In the meantime the Japanese think they know all about it, and are entering with spirit into the fray. It seems extremely doubtful whether any actual fighting has taken place as yet, and there are crops of rumours of "peaceful solutions"; but the risk that the parties will come to blows is extreme. We cannot, as matters stand, afford to look on as disinterested spectators. Indeed, it would appear that we have intervened already, if it is true that the Japanese have been warned not to interfere with the treaty ports. In plain English, this means that they must not conduct an effectual naval war against China. To be consistent in defending our interests, we ought also to warn the Chinese Government that it must not do anything to disturb our trade with Japan. The understanding seems to be that, as far as a war can be carried on so as to be no war as far as we are concerned, HER MAJESTY'S Government will remain strictly neutral. The attitude of most other Governments is likely to be identical with ours. Powerful States are no doubt accustomed to act as suits their convenience, and this is quite as consistent and intelligible a course as many others which have been followed before. Yet it does seem that, if they can go so far, it would be more simple and effectual to forbid fighting at sea altogether. The principles which would justify what it seems is to be done would be equally good in the other case. Indeed, the more thorough line will have to be taken in practice. The treaty ports can only be saved from interference if all the routes leading to them are to be kept completely free from fighting, which means if there is to be no naval war at all. Having got to this point, it is easy and natural to go a little further. The results of war on land in Corea do not concern only China and Japan and the inhabitants of that peninsula. It was not necessary to wait for the good offices of the *Novoe Vremya* to learn that Russia will consider herself interested. From the moment that element is introduced it is clear the question goes far beyond a mere dispute between China and Japan. It is true that Corea only just touches the Russian frontier at D'Anville Gulf, and that its internal affairs are of no more direct concern to the Czar's Government than to any other. But Russia, which greatly desires to possess an effective naval force in the Pacific, would be more than human (which nobody ever accused her of being) if she did not wish to possess a port not liable to be shut in by ice, and in a useful position for beginning operations in the China seas. Now such ports are to be found in Corea, which forms the eastern side of the Yellow Sea, and faces the entrance to the Gulf of Pechili. When two and two are put together, it looks very probable that Russia's well-known zeal for the spread of civilization, and her tender regard for the interests of her oppressed neighbours, in which respect she is not in any way inferior to Japan and some other Powers we could name, will constrain her to strike in—reluctantly, of course, and from purely altruistic motives. Now, an event of this nature would be the beginning of a great deal which we by no means wish to happen; and that being so, it might be as wise to stop all this flourishing of torches in the neighbourhood of gunpowder magazines.

"EQUALITY," NOT EQUITY.

THREE must be more affected than real innocence in the surprise expressed by the Ministerialists at the Equalization of Rates Bill having passed its second reading without a division. With what amount of propriety any political party could vote that local burdens should be unequally distributed these candid critics do not apparently take the trouble to ask themselves; for, if they did, they could hardly make it a matter of wonder or reproach that the Opposition did not think fit to divide the House against the principle of the Bill. That a legislative proposal does not, in fact, attain the ends at which it professedly aims may, no doubt, be in some cases a reason for refusing to read it a second time; it is so, for instance, in a case in which principle and details are so closely interwoven that they must stand or fall together. But that is far from being a correct description of the Equalization of Rates Bill. It would be quite possible to treat it as a mere sheet of paper, bearing at the top a written declaration of the good intentions of the Government, but otherwise offering a blank surface, to be filled in with provisions better calculated to accomplish the desired object than those which at present find a place there. We say the "desired" object, because it is only polite to take the Government at their word in this matter; though any one impartially studying the measure would find it difficult to resist the conclusion that its real object is something very different.

That, at any rate, is the character of the only object which we can for a moment admit them to have achieved. They have undoubtedly contrived to do what Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, in an unguarded moment of his disrespectfully perfunctory speech, confessed that they were mainly desirous of doing. They have succeeded in making certain hopelessly Conservative districts of the metropolis—and herein especially the irreclaimable City—"pay more." The fact that an extra contribution of some half a million per annum is already made to the metropolitan finances from this detested quarter could not, of course, be expected to weigh with them. No Bill which did not effect a substantial addition to this sum could possibly be other than a grave disappointment to the Radicals; and this measure, like every other which the Government introduce to pleasure that section of their followers, shows the plainest evidence of that animating motive which MR. CHAMBERLAIN, with perfect accuracy, described some time ago as the invariable mark of modern Radical legislation. It is inspired, that is to say, by the ever-dominant desire of that party, not so much to benefit any favoured class of the community, still less the community at large, as to injure some class or other against which they bear a grudge. "I really think," observed Mr. GOSCHEN in his studiously moderate, but withal most damaging, criticism of the measure, "that 'the instruction given by the Government to their 'draftsman was to prepare a Bill so that the City 'should have to pay 100,000*l.* and St. George's, Hanover Square, a proportionately large amount.'" We have not the slightest doubt that this is a perfectly correct and adequate account of the Ministerial scheme. The one aim of the Government was to inflict a fine upon the rich parishes without regard to the hardships thereby inflicted on their poor population, and to give a bonus to the poor parishes, at whatever unfair advantage to their richer inhabitants. To describe this clumsy piece of injustice as "Oriental" finance would be unfair to the SHAW LEFEVRES of the Asiatic world, who, if they have not much consideration for the poor, are seldom guilty of the blunder of involuntarily enriching the wealthy.

The preposterously maladroit and improvident fashion in which the Government have distributed

their spoils was denounced by speaker after speaker in the debate, but details of the work of destructive criticism were complete and final in the speech of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK alone. And the real purpose and interest of the Government were self-exposed in their refusal, after the second reading, to refer the Bill, on the motion of Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID, to a Standing Committee composed, after the Scotch model, of the Metropolitan members and fifteen others nominated by the Committee of Selection. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's alleged reason for resisting this proposal was audaciously futile. The assent of the Government to it would have reduced any opposition which might have been provoked by it to insignificant proportions. The probability is, indeed, that if Ministers themselves had not opposed the motion, it would have been carried there and then without a division. Nor could it have been resisted by any Government save one which has long since ceased, not only to blush for its inconsistency, but to feel any shame at the grossest violations of the rule of fair play. If ever there was an irresistible case for applying the maxim that what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, it arose upon Sir JULIAN GOLDSMID's motion. There is no imaginable distinction between the respective claims of the Scotch and the metropolitan members to consider measures of exclusive interest to them in a Grand Committee of their own. The only difference between their cases is that one of the two bodies has a Radical and the other a Tory majority; but this is enough for the Government, and on the strength of it they discriminate between the two without a touch of shame.

THE THREE-DECKER.

THE judicious reader has had an opportunity of judging in verse the substance of what there is to be said as to the contents of some old-fashioned and some new-fashioned novels. There is, however, another and more physical side to the question of three volumes or one. The world has learnt, through all the usual channels, that the Council of the Authors' Society has taken "the opinions of several prominent novelists and other members of the Society, and, finding them almost unanimously opposed to the continuance of the three-volume system, considers 'that the disadvantages of that system to authors and 'to the public far outweigh its advantages," and that, in short, down with three volumes, and cheap and nasty for ever! It has also been stated, though the statement seems to lack authoritative confirmation, that the principal circulating libraries are of the same mind. It may, therefore, very well be that the ordinary three-volume form of novel publication will before long be altogether extinct.

The words "and to the public," quoted above, are a droll instance of that hypocrisy—unconscious in this instance, we are sure—which makes people who want to do something which they believe will be for their own advantage discover that it will also be immensely for the advantage of "the public." Of course the Authors' Society has no right whatever to speak for the public. On the contrary, the public, in their mouths, means the people who are not in the Society—the people for securing a larger portion of whose money the Society of Authors exists. And, from the point of view of the public, the case is considerably too complicated to be adequately expounded within the brief compass of the Council's resolution. For some members of the public—those, for instance, who cannot afford the moderate expense of subscribing to a circulating library, those who never read except in a train, or those whose literary tastes do not soar to the average level of the British novelist—the three-volume system is of course

quite useless. Nevertheless, it has several advantages. A volume of an ordinary three-volume novel is, physically speaking, incomparably the pleasantest thing to read that human ingenuity has yet invented. It is light to hold; the print is large and well spaced; the paper, generally speaking, is extremely good, and the novel-reader, in fact, reads in the utmost luxury. Reviewers, who have to read much, well know the difference in comfort between reading a novel in three volumes and reading the same novel in one, and the reader who reads for pleasure will instantly recognise it, too, if he thinks of it. And then comes, perhaps, the crowning luxury of all. When you have read the book somebody comes and fetches it away, and you need never see it again. Perhaps neither the Council nor the prominent novelist quite know the enormous blessing that this is to most of their customers. If you buy a novel, you buy, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, something that you don't want and had much rather not have—namely, the presence of the book after you have done with it, until the happy and indefinitely remote day when somebody borrows it to take on a journey. And even then there are people in the world capable of sending it back by post. Not to buy books—except your own particular favourites—is one of the cheapest and most effective ways of making a house habitable, and the circulating library enables the person who likes reading novels to do it. Some people like to keep some novels; but then they buy them as it is, and no constant novel-reader wants to buy anything approaching to 5 per cent. of the novels he wants to read. Of course, a book bought and read may be pitched into the dust-hole; but in this thrifty country we all have an ingrained reluctance, amounting to superstition, to destroy a manufactured article which cost money and has theoretically a commercial value. It takes an unusually strong-minded man (and a stronger-minded woman than any woman is or ought to be) to do it, even though he may know perfectly well that he does not want the book, and that he does want the space it occupies. For which sufficient reasons we, at any rate, heartily approve the three-volume system, and trust that, somehow or other, it may continue.

Still, it may not. It is almost an axiom of economics that the cheap and nasty not only outsells, but exterminates, the choice and expensive. Persons of moderate means cannot buy sugar, not because they are too poor, but because there is none in the shops, as it is all used for making cheap substitutes and imitations. Nor can they buy cheese, which has been slain utterly by bar soap from America. And so with many other excellent articles. Therefore the three-decker may withdraw to the Islands of the Blest, and it is not uninteresting to reflect upon one result that will indubitably ensue from its withdrawal. It will kill about three-quarters of our existing novelists. It is all very well to receive from the library "A Lunatic's Love," by CHICHESTER YORKE, or "Bent on Bigamy," by the profuse and moderately popular author of "Kitty's Revenge," but who in the world is going to buy them? The circulating library gives every opportunity to the unknown. The book arrives and is looked at. If it is impossible, it straightway returns "to the place from whence it came;" and if it happens to succeed, it runs through the household, and the library has to take fresh copies, because while you are recommending it to all your friends you refuse to send it back. It might very likely suit "prominent novelists" that novels should only be bought and not borrowed, because people who are quite ready to borrow pigs in pokes, and see what they are like, prefer, for the purpose of buying, the animals of whose qualities they have some knowledge. And it is on the unknown author principally

that the constant novel-reader stays his (or her) monstrous appetite. Not every day do we peruse a SCOTT, a FIELDING, a MATURIN, a COOPER, a DUMAS, or a Miss BURNEY. The question for the aspiring novelist is, Who will print him, if there is no library to lend him? and the question for his "prominent" brother is, When the constant reader is deprived of his ordinary resource, does it follow that he will replace what he loses by the purchase of better established commodities? We cannot suggest any answer to the first of these questions, and should be sorry to hazard a decided opinion on the second.

THE CANDOUR OF LORD FARRER.

IT can only have been his high sense of the duty he owes his party which persuaded the LORD CHANCELLOR to put himself to the trouble of delivering a long speech on the Finance Bill last Thursday. Elaborate efforts to argue, explain, and minimize such as he presented to the attention of their Lordships had all been rendered so entirely superfluous some time before he spoke. Lord FARRER had just put the real case for the Ministry's finance with a point and simplicity to which we desire to render full tribute. His speech had many merits. It was, for one thing, well placed. Coming just after the moderate, careful, and somewhat lengthy arguments of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, it gained immensely by contrast. For it was short, pithy, and the reverse of argumentative. It really was most fortunate that Lord FARRER was so quick in rising that Lord DUNRAVEN was constrained by the courtesy of the House and his own to give way to him. As it was, the speeches of the Duke of DEVONSHIRE and Lord FARRER give, in sharp contrast, convenient statements of the view which has hitherto been taken by Englishmen of what principles ought to regulate the imposition of taxes, and the view which under the new dispensation is not unlikely to prevail in the future.

When we said that Lord FARRER'S speech was not argumentative, we did not mean to imply that it contained absolutely no argument of any kind. This would be unfair; for, indeed, the keystone of Lord FARRER'S edifice was a very pretty example of the argument technically described as "of the stick." There was a perfection of finish about it and a moderation of proportion which would really be spoiled by paraphrase; and so, modestly acknowledging our absolute inability to better Lord FARRER, we present him verbatim. What, he asked, is the answer to the complaint of the landlords? Why, this:—"You are in a peculiar situation. You have given a vote to every householder and workman. Do you think these men will look quietly upon large accumulations of property? Socialistic doctrines are abroad, and, although the good sense of our fellow-countrymen will reject them, they acquire considerable strength from alliance with the cause of labour. Is this the time at which you can afford to maintain an exemption from the general taxation for a particular kind of property? Is it not a matter of extreme danger that these complaints should continue? Is it not unwise to give people power, and not take their burdens upon yourselves?"

Yet, when we have quoted Lord FARRER, we have a certain sense that we have made a mistake; for, indeed, he is so good that any comment of ours is only too likely to appear poor in comparison. It is so superfluous to point out that all this is simply a statement of the plain proposition:—here are a number of persons who are strong enough to rob you, and, by George! if you do not look sharp and pacify them in time, they will. There is no man, woman, or child in the three kingdoms who needs any help of ours to see

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that it is as if some Lord FARRER of other days, being at his inn, had said to the traveller with a well-filled purse:—"You are in a peculiar position. "Your pocket is full of money, and you are "about to ride home. Do you see those three men "over there? The one next the fire is DICK TURPIN; "the other, drinking his flip at the table, is TOM KING; and BLUESKIN is consuming fresh geneva "opposite him. They are in low water; do you "think they will look on quietly while you ride "home with the price of those beasts you have "just sold at the market? Is there not extreme "danger that they will follow you down the road, and "invite you to stand and deliver? Would it not be "better to take their burden on yourself? Give them "something handsome to save the rest." If the traveller asks what guarantee he has that TURPIN, KING, and BLUESKIN will not take his blackmail and rob him all the same, Lord FARRER answers, "Trust their "common sense, do not expect them to commit suicide "by destroying their chance of blackmail in the future. "Besides, you have given power to these men. "TURPIN is Parish Constable, KING and BLUESKIN are "Bow Street Runners, JONATHAN WILD is Justice of "the Peace. Better accept the inevitable." Really there is much matter in Lord FARRER and a sense of the fitness of things. He has defended Sir W. HAROURT'S Budget by arguments entirely worthy of it.

FLAPPER-SHOOTING.

OUR river gleams in the cool sweet early hours of the August morning, amid its thick green borders of waving reeds, with a lustre of its own. That one is walking along its course with a gun and spaniel instead of a fishing-rod need not militate against the possibility of being an admirer of nature. The gentle angler has not a monopoly of the Wordsworthian eye. So, although the charming stillness which is only broken by the whispers of the naiads and nymphs among the rushes—or, if you prefer it, the breeze which is swaying their quivering stems into emerald waves—will presently be rudely interrupted by the report of the breechloader, may we not be aesthetic while we can? The surroundings might mollify the breast of the most determined pot-hunter with a gun—at any rate until he pressed the trigger. Rich fields of wavy corn ripening for the sickle, fruit trees loaded in the old-world farm orchards, and the gardens ablaze with hollyhocks, china asters, and marigolds; meadows cleared by the scythe, but shining anew in emerald green; hedgerows wreathed in the snowy flowers of the great bindweed, twining amid the tangled branches, and varied by the feathery garlands of wild clematis with hollow foxgloves burying their heads of sombre beauty on the bank below—these are the surroundings through which our river winds its August way.

In the sequestered corners of the reeds or in lonely spots near moss or tangle, the wild duck months ago has made her nest and laid her greenish-white eggs. To her brood, who are nearly three months old ere they can properly use their wings, she has been the fondest parent, ever on the alert against ubiquitous plundering crow or low-skimming marsh or hen-harrier, worst foes of young wild ducks—though hungry pike and prowling polecat do their share—until the brood are adolescent. The old bird has taught them to dive at the appearance of such feathered foes, and if the water be not too shallow the device serves. With good luck a fair array of plump brown flappers surround their parents in August, then to encounter the still worse peril of tyrant man and his breechloader—if the latter be held straight. Sometimes, however, it is long odds on the young duck—and the event comes off.

One may dream of another, and far more dignified, phase of August in connexion with the gun; of the purple heather, the misty mountains, the wimpling burn among the silvery birches, and the whirring wings of the red grouse—the birds of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless. But if your opportunities are limited to the tamer South, flapper-shooting philosophy makes the best of what it has—*il faut aimer ce qu'on a.*

Our spaniel is a Sussex one, a dog of some seasons' experience, the fire of youth restrained by the experience of maturity. Some have sung the water-swan as the dog *par excellence* for river-shooting. But, though he is a water-dog, he is like his race too impetuous, and prone to jump to wrong conclusions. Nor is he tender-mouthed. At any rate, whatever his adaptability when ice and snow surround the winter duck-shooter, and the Irish dog's curly coat disregards them all, the well-trained Sussex—at any rate in our poor experience—surpasses any in milder hours.

Hunting hither and thither amid the rushes, with modulated pace and keenest nose—*Festina lente* his motto—our spaniel explores each tangle of waving reed-stalks with promptitude and accuracy. Moorhens hop in and out in their quaint black dress—very good birds some deem them when served on toast after a preliminary vinegar bath—and coots clang noisily. Not seldom have we seen young pheasants noisily rise from the edge of the stream on such a morning, and starlings murmur vociferously. Small birds, the shy sedgewarbler among them, fly in all directions, but our old spaniel regards all these with an indifferent and experienced eye. Nay, even a white-tailed rabbit bolting from his snug couch in the long grass which flourishes by the stream side will not disturb his equanimity.

The wild mallard is, perhaps, in his winter dress the handsomest of our gamebirds; the glossy green of head and neck, with its white collar, the deep vinous chestnut of neck, breast, and shoulders, the ash wing coverts and the transverse purple with black and white streaks which crosses the closed wing, the pale grey delicately pencilled under parts, and the red legs make up a combination which is unsurpassed. But the young drakes in August, like the ducks, show none of this brilliance; their costume is a modest brown like the ducks. Their flavour, however, is the same. The succulent diet, the produce of the wet hedge-rows in worms and snails, the arable and cornfields which they have explored and fattened in under their mother's instructions, have made them dainty indeed. So, if the eye be disappointed, the palate will, at any rate, be gratified when the bag has been made.

Thus we go on, the spaniel exploring every likely bend. Smaller winged items, shootable enough at other times, are this morning disregarded. The old dog shows no excitement until, with a rush, a splash, a suppressed bark, he dashes into a thick corner of reeds. Then a heart-thrilling "Quack! quack!" sounds doubly resonant on the morning air, and a whirr, a flapping of wings, a scutter, a quacking, make every nerve quiver. High up in air dart the old drake and duck, less nimbly followed by their brood. No whirr of pheasant from a hedgerow after a blank day, no rush of grouse from a heathery hill in a bad season, is more stimulating. Reaching a certain height, off swing the family. Then bang! bang! and a brace of plump flappers drop—if the man behind the gun be a cool and average performer—splashing into the river. If killed neatly, they float on the current. If "tailored," they dive with such persistency and alacrity as will puzzle the old dog, and give him a long chase indeed. But in either case, with such a dog as we have in our mind's eye, the birds will ultimately be retrieved and duly admired, and their plumage smoothed to the accompaniment of "wetting" the first shot.

This performance is more or less successfully repeated, and even if some easy shots be missed, which happens to the best men—who are the readiest to admit it—the delight of the August morning's sport is only intensified by such variations. Morning, be it observed; for he who would make a bag of flappers must be an early riser. A mere hasty apology for a breakfast suffices. When he returns to display his trophies it is time enough to enjoy his leisure over a solid one, *à la fourchette*. Hence this branch of sport is not in favour with the decadents of the gun, who like the day particularly well aired ere they take their leisurely sport. But for him who really loves the joy of dog and gun in the ancient fashion, flapper-shooting on an August morning has charms second to none.

RACING.

THE month of July has been more or less encouraging to breeders of the best class of racehorses; for, since of late years thoroughbred stock had been somewhat depreciated in value, they must have felt cheered when three breeding studs—the Queen's, the Duchess of Montrose's, and the late Mr. G. A. Baird's—made about 75,000 guineas; yet ten years ago much the same amount was realized by the stock of a single stud farm, the late Lord Falmouth's, and nine years ago the very summit of high prices for yearlings would appear to have been reached, when a dozen of Mr. Chaplin's fetched 20,000*l.*—this month nine yearlings of his only made 2,700 guineas. But, if yearlings now sell badly, first-rate stallions sell better than ever, as the 14,000*l.* given for Meddler, the 15,000*l.* for Matchbox, the 20,000*l.* offered for Common, and the 30,000*l.* paid for Ormonde, bear abundant witness. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe the rumour that Avington has been sold for so little as 4,000 guineas, and, in the course of the month, many thoroughbreds, of either merit or promise, have sold badly, while among those of an inferior class a ludicrous abyss of depression was reached when, on the very day on which the Duchess of Montrose's horses had been fetching such high prices, three stallions were sold successively at an average of 7 guineas each.

The first important handicap, since those we last noticed, was the Clarence and Avondale Stakes of 3,000*l.* at Sandown, the result of which was to bring the winner, Lady Minting, into the betting for the St. Leger. She has improved considerably in appearance since she ran second for the Oaks, and she is a beautiful bay filly by Minting; but she is too long in the back behind the saddle to be considered perfectly shaped. The handicap form at the Newmarket July Meeting and the Kempton First Summer Meeting was of no very special interest, and the class represented for the Cumberland Plate, at Carlisle, was, as it often is in the North, of very moderate quality. At Hurst Park Baron de Rothschild's black Tristan filly, Bethsy, won the Stewards' Handicap under the heaviest weight for her age in the race. She is decidedly smart over five furlongs, and when she won the Egmont Handicap at Epsom, five weeks earlier, she had beaten Lady Minting by a length and a half at 6 lbs. The Summer Handicap, at Hurst Park, fell to the share of the winner of the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, Victor Wild, and, although it may be that Dornroschen, who ran second, would have won if she had not been run into and rolled over by the ill-tempered Galloping Dick just before the start, she was receiving a great deal of weight, and Victor Wild's performance, under 8 st. 5 lbs., relatively to the other starters and their burdens, was admirable; indeed, he was giving weight to everything in the race except St. David, and this greatly glorifies the form shown by Avington in running him to half a length at Ascot, when giving him 23 lbs. In the July Handicap, last week at Newmarket, there was a good race between Beggar's Opera and Evermore, the former giving a year and winning at almost even weights. A couple of hours later he won another race for his owner, the Duchess of Montrose, who, having changed her mind about selling her racing-in addition to her breeding-stud, was in great winning form during the meeting, and her good luck followed her to Gatwick, where she won the Bronze Handicap on Tuesday last. Owners have had no cause to complain of want of variety in handicappers at Newmarket this year, Mr. E. Bird having handicapped at the Craven Meeting, Major Egerton at the First Spring and First July, and Mr. R. K. Mainwaring at the Second Spring and the Second July. There is competition everywhere in these days, and there is no reason why the form of handicappers should not be as accurately ascertained as that of racehorses. For the weight-for-age Machell Plate at Gatwick the strongly built little Carrick proved himself a better horse than was supposed last Tuesday, and it is much to his credit that he should be improving in his eighth year. On Wednesday the lightly weighted Son of a Gun won the Liverpool Cup. This horse had been purchased at the Badminton sale in March for 2,800 guineas.

Certainly secrets are admirably kept in both Jewitt's and Matthew Dawson's stables, if the statements in the newspapers are correct that at one time last year, when odds were being laid upon Isinglass for the St. Leger, he was so ill that "for two days it was a matter of life and death with him," and that when odds were laid this month upon Ladas

for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, he had had two teeth wrenched out by a dentist a day or two earlier. There never was more excitement over a race at Newmarket than when these two great horses, with Ravensbury, Raeburn, and three others, met to contest the richest stake that had yet been run for on the Heath. At what a terrific pace Priestholme made the running until getting near the plantation on the Bunbury Mile—that is to say, for more than half the race—how the favourites closely followed him until they were so done as to be galloping comparatively slowly at the finish; how the outsider Bullingdon, who had 6 lbs. advantage over the leading favourites, and had lain in the rear during the early part of the race, galloped up, and only lost by a head from Isinglass; how Ladas, either from being upset by the manipulations of his dentist or some other cause, ran with no spirit; how everybody said after the race that public form, so far as Ladas and Bullingdon were concerned, had been violated as it had never been violated before; and how great was the amusement at such in-and-out running on the part of horses belonging to such immaculate owners as the Duke of Westminster and Lord Rosebery, and trained by such honourable men as J. Porter and M. Dawson, are matters of history. Bullingdon's excellent second, even admitting that it was too good to be true form, was thought sufficient to entitle him to have odds of 7 to 2 laid on him for the Midsummer Plate last week, and he won it, though not without giving his backers a terrible fright, as Baron de Rothschild's Styx, who had 4 lbs. the worst of the weights, ran him to a neck. As Styx had only run fourth to Reminder and Sempronius for the Epsom Grand Prize, when receiving 5 lbs. from each, the Midsummer Plate form pointed to the conclusion that either the Princess of Wales's Stakes had been a falsely run race, or that the form of the winners of this year's and last year's Derbies was not nearly so good as had been supposed; and it was remembered that last September 10 lbs. had enabled Raeburn to beat Isinglass by a length at Manchester. If the Princess of Wales's Stakes was an intensely interesting race, much more so was the Eclipse Stakes, in which the two Derby winners were again to meet on practically the same terms; in fact, with the single exception of Ormonde's great race with Minting at Ascot—if, indeed, this exception may be admitted—probably no race ever created so much excitement as the late Eclipse Stakes. As the horses ran into the straight line for home at Sandown, and Ladas was seen to be drawing nearer to Isinglass, until he reached that horse's girths, his jockey, Watts, sitting motionless, while T. Lontes on Isinglass was riding hard, a shout was raised of "Ladas wins!" Presently, Isinglass gained ground again, whereupon both jockeys began to ride, and an exceedingly fine struggle followed, Isinglass winning by a length from Ladas, who was three lengths in front of Ravensbury. If Watts had persevered with Ladas for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, it is commonly believed that he would have been almost, if not quite, as near Isinglass as for the Eclipse Stakes, instead of three lengths off; therefore, the form in both races, so far as this pair is concerned, must have been pretty correct, and Isinglass has been successfully proved to be the best horse—the best by possibly something like 5 lbs. more than weight for age. He has now won 43,633*l.* in stakes, and his value as a sire ought to be very great indeed; but where he should be ranked among such celebrities as Ormonde, Minting, Common, and Orme, it is not so easy to say. Another interesting question remains to be answered. If the Eclipse Stakes proves the Princess of Wales's Stakes to have been a true-run race, is Bullingdon an uncertain horse, who, when showing his best form, is as good, or nearly as good, as Ladas—for this his running for the Princess of Wales's Stakes would represent him to be? Be this as it may, it is to be regretted that an accident prevented his running this week at Liverpool.

The nominal favourite for next year's Derby, Mr. W. Cooper's Kirkconnell, won the July Stakes at Newmarket very easily from Lord Stanley's Golden Blaze, the winner of the Sefton Park Plate at Liverpool, and most of the horse critics now consider him the best two-year-old that has been out. This is likely enough; the fact, however, remains that, when he tried to give 7 lbs., besides weight for sex, for the New Stakes at Ascot, two fillies beat him. Hopbine, a well-shaped bay colt by Despair out of Vixen, placed himself among the high-class two-year-olds by his victory in the Hurstbourne Stakes.

Stockbridge. In May he had won the Whitsuntide Plate very easily from Galeotte, with La Sagesse and Whiston with 8 lbs. extra unplaced. For the New Stakes at Ascot he had not finished among the first ten; and now at Stockbridge he came in many lengths in front of Anlaf, the winner of the Foal Stakes of the previous day, and about the biggest two-year-old of the season, and Curzon, the winner of the Great Surrey Foal Stakes at Epsom, as well as the Champagne Stakes at the Bibury Club. This was a great reversal of his form in the race for the New Stakes; but, great as are his powers, it is likely enough that he may not invariably exercise them; for his sire, Despair, was a most untrustworthy and ill-tempered brute, who very rarely condescended to show his true form; while his dam, Vixen, was indeed what her name implied, and, as Mr. Weller senior would have said, of an "owdacious" type. The son of this worthy pair exhibited his own temper before starting for the Hurstbourne Stakes by bolting and throwing his jockey. He was run to a head in the race by a very good-looking, and very promising, colt by Laureate, that was racing in public for the first time, called Whittier, to whom he was giving 5 lbs. Last Wednesday, at Gatwick, with 7 lbs. extra, Hopbine only ran third to The Lombard, a Petrarch colt, who won so easily that he may be first-rate. Some judges consider Whiston—who is, unfortunately, a roarer—almost the best of his age at the present time; but, with odds of 6 to 4 laid on him, Choice finished half a length in front of him at only 1 lb. more than weight for sex, for the Soltykoff Stakes at Newmarket, the pair being beaten by Seaholm, to whom Whiston was giving 13 lbs. After all, to be beaten by Choice was no great disgrace; for, although a very uncertain filly, she had won the Royal Stakes of 2,660*l.*, beating Curzon at even weights by two lengths, Saintly, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes, being third, while several other winners were behind her. Some critics consider Choice too narrow, but she has splendid action. Mr. R. Lebaudy's Prince Simon, a good-looking but not over good-tempered bay colt by St. Simon out of a Rosicrucian mare, has not yet worked his way into the first class of two-year-old form; but he repaid 914*l.* in stakes alone towards the 2,150 guineas he cost as a yearling when he won the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes at Sandown by three-quarters of a length from Dr. Talmage, at 13 lbs.; nor can very smart form be yet claimed for L'Anson's Jim Selby, who won a stake of very similar value—the Seaton Delaval Plate—at Newcastle. Mr. L. de Rothschild's Utica won the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket so easily that she must be considered a filly of very high class until the contrary is proved. But the best performance of a two-year-old filly during the month was that of Saintly, in winning the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 4,358*l.* at Sandown this day week with 9 lbs. extra. She is one of the many small St. Simon fillies that have proved marvellously profitable, especially as two-year-olds. With 8 lbs. and 17 lbs. extra, the winners, Solaro and Whiston, failed to beat Propeller for the Nursery Stakes at Liverpool on Tuesday last, although they ran a grand race with him, and Whiston showed fine form at the weights.

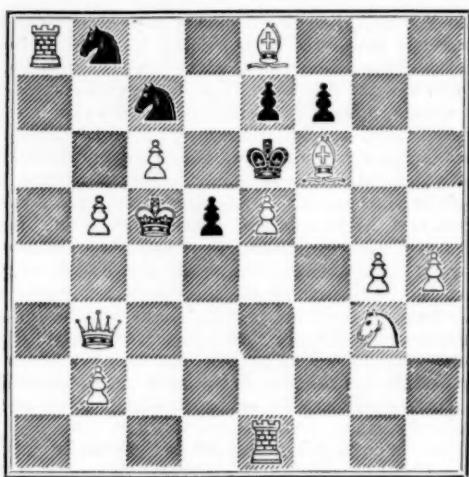
CHESS NOTES.

THE tournament of the German Chess Association, which is to be held at Leipzig in September, promises to be of wider interest and importance than at one time seemed probable. Lasker says that he will certainly be there; but he has not yet entered his name as a competitor. He may be more disposed to do so when he learns that Blackburne and Mason have entered. If Tarrasch and Tchigorin—who, it will be remembered, drew their match last November—both compete, in addition to a French representative and one or two of the Americans, the affair will be genuinely international, and quite worthy of the champion's attention. There will be a minor as well as a major competition, and several English players of the second rank, including Messrs. Loman and E. O. Jones, are going over to take part in it. Now that the British Association sleeps, and the Counties Chess Association has made up its mind to a blank year, the Leipzig Tournament will possess a greater interest for Englishmen than they usually find in the autumn meetings of the German Association.

It is sometimes the best player in his idler moments who is responsible for the most audacious burlesques of chess;

and it may be granted that such a player has as much right to burlesque chess as a good poet has to parody good poetry. The late Dr. Zukertort in a looser mood constructed a mate in two, which he evidently intended as a touch of humour

BLACK—6 Pieces.



WHITE—13 Pieces.

or satire, a problem *pour rire*, over which solvers might rack their brains or crack their sides. Chess he never meant it to be. After this preface the reader can play with the puzzle if he likes, and he will soon satisfy himself that there is no mate in two according to the canons. White must begin with a check, or his own king will be assaulted, and as bishop to queen's seventh is useless, he must take something. To be brief, the key-move is—pawn takes queen's pawn *en passant*, discovering check from queen and rook. This is quite as diverting as it was meant to be. There are times when all rules may be broken by particular persons. Zukertort found himself at such a time, and he did well to break as many rules as possible. He introduced into a two-mover the necessity of considering Black's previous move; and this previous move was utterly unimaginable, because the position of the White bishop behind the three pawns was impossible. The position of the Black king is all but inconceivable; and there are sundry pieces of both colours which have no bearing upon the puzzle. The joke is perhaps unintentionally ingenious; for, if the walling-up of the bishop be defended on the ground that a problem need not be regarded as a phase of a regular game of chess, this argument is overthrown by the various ante-initial assumptions which it is necessary to make. One can affirm at least three previous moves, taking them backward before the statement of the problem:—1. Black P to Q 4; 2. White queen checks; 3. Black Kt from Q 4 to B 2. Does the reader see why Black must have made this last move?

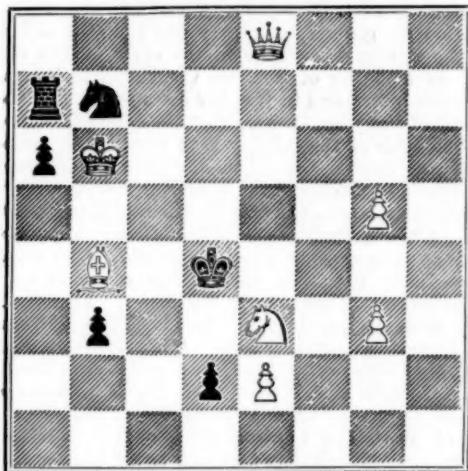
We are reminded by A. C. W. of another chess-joke, somewhat similar in its character, proposed by a chess editor, several years ago, for solution as an ordinary problem. In this case the White king was on his own square, and all the squares on his left were unoccupied. There was, apparently, no solution to the problem as it stood, but there would be one if the king could be transferred to queen's bishop's square in a single move. Here the key was, "castles on the queen's side." There was no rook to castle with; but that did not signify, you had only to imagine one. The tenth law of the B. C. A. Code lays down that, "when the odds of either rook, or both rooks, are given, the player giving the odds shall be allowed to move his king as in castling, and as though the rooks were on the board." It has been said that the most useful quality in chess is imagination; and the man who is fond of chess-puzzles must imagine backwards as well as forwards.

In the last problem printed on July 14 the key-move is bishop to king's seventh. One solver tries B—B 8; but Black would then unmask his rook, and prevent the mate in two. B to K 7 has the advantage of increasing the number of Black's moves by three, which adds to the elegance of the problem, and also provides a necessary double check, B to B 5, in case Black takes the knight.

If Black king moves to his fourth, there is a dual mate with the bishop, which can prevent the return of the king in two ways. Extreme purists will consider this a blemish, as showing excess of strength. If king moves to his fifth,

A MATE IN TWO.

BLACK—6 Pieces.



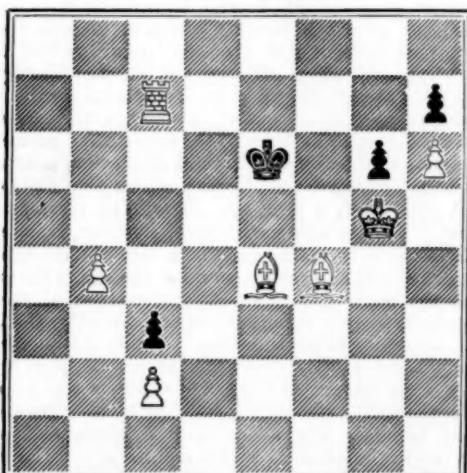
WHITE—7 Pieces.

bishop moves to B 5, discovering check. King to B 3 is met by queen to R 8. If Black moves anything except his king, the mate is by bishop to B 6. The reader will have seen the purpose of all White's pieces. He has also seen the use of Black's rook and knight, and the pawn on rook's file prevents a dilatory check to the White king. The pawn on knight's file is to obstruct the Black king after he has moved to B 3; and the pawn on queen's file not only obstructs but also prevents a dual solution by B to R 3, for it could advance and become a knight, in anticipation of B to Kt 2. This fine problem is a collaboration by Kohtz and Kockelkorn. (Solutions—the first only being exhaustive—by C. T. S., A. C. W., Julia Short, Ina, Broad Oak, L. C. D., H. B. Simeon, M. G., and others.)

We add for the coming fortnight a fairly simple three-

A MATE IN THREE.

BLACK—4 Pieces.



WHITE—7 Pieces.

move. Are there any superfluous pieces? The examination of a problem should take account of every piece in the diagram, for form is only second in importance to soundness.

OPERA.

THREE seems to be a general consensus of opinion that Mr. Emil Bach's *Lady of Longford*—Sir Augustus Harris's last production—is a vast improvement on the composer's previous lyric effort, *Irmengarda*. We know not, for it was not given to us to observe Mr. Bach in this

first period of his operatic activity, and, taking his *Lady of Longford* on the single merits of the work, we think that the ultra-patronizing tone adopted towards the score by the majority of judges is somewhat mistaken. There is perhaps more in Mr. Bach's music than is generally imagined. Not that we wish to present the *Lady of Longford* as a masterpiece, *al tro chè*; but, taking the opera as one of the initial steps in a new career, we see in it that which seems to augur well for future efforts, and we are pleased to encourage a newcomer. The chief defect of Mr. Bach's writing lies in a want of homogeneity; it is not so much the lack of the sense of continuity in the working out of a theme, but rather a peculiar knack of going off at a tangent without any apparent reason and of startling the listener with vocal and instrumental phrases which seem to come in on the principle of *Reim' dich oder ich fress' dich*. To anybody accustomed to the processes of composing it is patent that such occurrences are results of afterthought; the practice is all but universal—in fact, Hoël's last aria in *Dinorah*, "Sei vendicata," is an afterthought, and so also is the love duet in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*; but it sometimes takes more talent to fit something into a work already complete than to write out originally the whole thing *d'un jet*. Ponchielli failed in the attempt with Alvise's aria, Verdi failed with *Don Carlo* and *Simon Boccanegra*, and Gounod failed with *Sapho*—all remodelled and rewritten works. In the majority of cases the score assumes a rhapsodic physiognomy, and such is the cardinal defect of Mr. Bach's writing. From the point of view of melodic invention the composer has little to say, but he says that little very well; there is more formal melody in the *Lady of Longford* than there is lyric declamation, and the tunefulness of the vocal music cannot be denied. It is impossible to decide how the composer has wedded his music to the words; for, originally written to an English book by Sir Augustus Harris, the work was produced in a somewhat feeble Italian version; and even here it was difficult to follow the singers in their articulation. In fact, it was not easy to guess in what language either Mme. Eames or M. Alvarez sang, the only understandable enunciation being that of M. Edouard de Reszke. Mr. Bach's orchestra is very full—three flutes and three bassoons among others—and though it contains clear indications of various influences, still the workmanship is good, and the blending of *timbres* is often excellent.

The story, which is presumably well known by this time, deals with an imaginary episode of Cromwellian wars. The Earl of Longford, a Royalist chief, is being pursued by the Roundheads, after the battle of Naseby, and, tracked to the neighbourhood of his own castle, contrives somehow to evade the vigilance of his pursuers, and is hidden quite safely by the Countess in a secret passage. But his castle is occupied by the foe, and the Colonel in command, combining pleasure with business, tries to conquer the good graces of the Lady of Longford, and to effect the capture of the Earl at the same time. As he holds the Countess in his brutal embrace, the Earl rushes to the rescue from his hiding-place—only to meet a soldier's death in a sword and dagger combat. It is not given, however, to the Roundhead Colonel to enjoy the fruits of his crime; for, as he approaches the Countess again, she snatches the dagger from his belt and strikes him to the heart. Curtain. The scenes, or rather the situations, of the drama are as follows:—A first dialogue between the Colonel and the Countess, in which the respective positions of the characters are defined at once—a good point this; a scene between husband and wife, the interest of which is presently heightened by the appearance of their baby girl; another dialogue between the Countess and the Colonel, the fight, and the final catastrophe. The music which Mr. Emil Bach has written to comment this story consists of a prelude which sums up the future themes of the opera; of two duets for soprano and bass, in the opening and in the closing scene; of three independent arias, one for each of the characters; of a duet for tenor and soprano; a scene for the Baby, and a few recitatives. The interest of the first duet lies in a cleverly designed melody for the bass—the Colonel—in strophe form; the initial theme is, perhaps, treated here with too much insistence.

The soprano solo is a contemplative piece, and well in the character of the situation. The Countess invokes the powers of nature to protect her husband, and implores the moon and stars, the bushes and grasses, to afford him a safe refuge. The faulty enunciation of Mme. Eames

prevented us from catching more than the first phrase of the meditation, which sounds, we think, "o mite alba lunare," whatever that may mean. The love duet between husband and wife, and the following scene with the child, contain some excellent pages of vocal writing; but we have here theatrical convention *en plein*, and we wonder how it is that a soldier's song—the only few bars of choral writing in the score, by-the-bye—is heard from without, and that the soldiers do not hear from within the highly pitched voice of the man they are looking for. It is not, however, the librettist who is wrong here, but the composer, who, running after the vocal effect, has lost sight of the dramatic significance of the situation. The child's part and the child's music must remain perforce, as the thing is in a way a feature of the work; but what of the shrill voice, and the shocking enunciation, and the unchildish *toupet*? And echo answers "I do not answer such questions."

Mr. Emil Bach may, however, consider himself a fortunate man; not only has he had the advantage of an interesting libretto, but also his opera was mounted with all possible splendour. M. Edouard de Reszke's talent is quite sufficient to secure the success of any work in which he is given a share worthy of his exceptional means. We cannot say what the part of the Colonel will become in other hands; with M. Edouard de Reszke it is the principal, the finest, the most important, and the best performed part of all. M. Alvarez does well as the Earl of Longford, and Mme. Eames as the heroic Countess has a part which suits her somewhat limited histrionic instincts. The mounting of the piece was in the main excellent: the costumes were splendid, and the characters of the play looked like so many Van Dycks stepped out of their frames. The duel scene was admirably arranged and the scenery was hit off to perfection; and Signor Mancinelli did much to secure the success of the performance, for which achievement he deserves sincere praise.

A performance of *Pagliacci* preceded the production of the *Lady of Longford*, with the original cast. Mme. Melba was delightful as ever, Signor de Lucia perhaps too impetuous, and Signor Ancona always in possession of his beautiful voice. It is one year now since Mr. Richard Green has been connected with Italian opera at Covent Garden; has it never occurred to this otherwise meritorious singer that the cardinal condition for singing in any language is to understand that language, and to pronounce it correctly?

Sir Augustus Harris has shown commendable alacrity in presenting us with a revised edition of *Aïda* to take the taste of the previous one out of our mouths. The spectacle is by no means complete yet; but in one point—the Radames of M. Jean de Reszke, namely—we have reached this time the nearest thing to perfection. It is so long since the great tenor has been heard in genuine Italian opera that a pardonable amount of speculation was abroad as to how he would take the exuberant strains of Verdi after a prolonged course of the *chant étalé* of Gounod and Wagner. M. Jean de Reszke's performance was a delightful surprise even to his most ardent admirers; for, from the first recitative and the incredibly uncomfortable "Celeste Aïda" to the last words, "a noi si schiude il ciel," the hearers went through a maze of surprises, not the least of which were those of vocal effects pure and simple. To mention only a few instances, the famous phrases, "io son disonorato," "io resto a te," "la morte è un ben supremo," "ne le mie forti braccia," &c., all bristling with a's and b's, were rung out with surprising impetus and beauty of tone; whilst the series of the four open a's in "sacerdote, io resto a te" is a *tour de force* which we have heard in no other voice but Signor Tamagno's.

The Amonasro of Signor Ancona was a tame performance. Mme. Adini was again a superb Aïda, Mlle. Ravogli a fussy and insufficient Amneris, but MM. Edouard de Reszke and Plançon were magnificent as Ramfis and the King respectively. Chorus and orchestra did pretty well under Signor Bevignani.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE railway dividends so far announced are very satisfactory. It will be recollect that in the first half of last year there was a very marked improvement in trade, and that the improvement was specially decided in the early summer. Unfortunately the outbreak of the great

Midland coal strike, at the end of July, threw trade out of gear; and as the strike lasted so long, and extended over so wide a district, very natural fears were entertained that it would be a long time before the business of the country would completely recover. Of course it was evident that a large quantity of goods which could not be carried because of the strike would have to be conveyed by rail as soon as the strike was over. But for all that it was feared that the depression in general business would tell very adversely upon the railway Companies in the early months of this year. As a matter of fact, the Companies have done in many cases better, and in very few cases worse, than in the first half of last year, showing that the effects of the strike upon the trade of the country have been by no means as bad as was generally anticipated, that the influences at work tending to bring about a revival are stronger than the disturbing causes, and that once more improvement has set in. Unfortunately the condition of many foreign countries is so embarrassed that our trade with those countries is exceedingly bad; and some of the countries are the most important of our foreign customers. Therefore, the export trade is languishing. But it is certain that the home trade is exceedingly good. Complaints are general, indeed, that even in the home trade profits are exceedingly small. However that may be, there can be no doubt at all that the volume of trade is immensely large. From one point of view, the announcement of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company is the most gratifying of all. It is poor comfort, indeed, to the shareholders, who get no dividend, as they got none twelve months ago. But as an indication of the general state of the country it is most encouraging. It will be recollect that this Company suffered more than any other from the strike; therefore, it would not have been surprising if it had been slower in recovering—if the districts it serves, that is to say, had been thrown back by so long and bitter a struggle. The report issued by the Directors shows, on the contrary, that trade has made great strides in those districts. For example, the gross receipts of the Company increased 67,500*l.* compared with the first half of last year, when, as already said, trade was decidedly improving. The working expenses increased on the other hand 38,800*l.* so that the net increase of income was only 28,700*l.*; and as the fixed charges exceeded those of twelve months ago by 22,000*l.* it was impossible for the Directors to pay a dividend. But the fact that, compared with a fairly good six months like the first half of last year, the Company increased its gross receipts by over 67,000*l.* is clear evidence that the trade of the district is exceedingly large. Whether it is as profitable as usual or not is another question. Another satisfactory announcement is that of the Lancashire and Yorkshire, a Company which likewise was affected directly by the strike. It pays 3½ per cent. per annum for the half-year against 3⅓ per cent. twelve months ago, an increase of ¼ per cent.—further evidence of the augmenting business of that portion of the country. A third satisfactory announcement is that of the Great Eastern, which pays 1 per cent. against ¾ per cent. a year ago, likewise an increase of ¼ per cent. The increase in this case, however, is stated by the Directors to be mainly due to the depleted condition of the stocks of coal all over the world at the end of the strike and to the rapid growth of population in the East of London—that is, the Suburban districts served by the Company. According to the Directors, therefore, the augmented dividend is not exactly evidence of improvement in trade; it only shows how great was the demand for coal for some months after the strike ended, and how rapid is the growth of East London. The London and Brighton dividend is 4⅓ per cent., the same as twelve months ago. The Stock Exchange was taken quite by surprise by the announcement, as it did not expect anything like so good a result. The London and Tilbury pays 2½ per cent., the same as at this time last year; the South-Eastern pays 2½, likewise the same as twelve months ago; and the South-Western pays 4⅔ per cent., the same, too, as last year. But the Metropolitan pays only 2⅔ per cent., against 3⅓ per cent., a falling off of ⅓ per cent.; and the Chatham Preference dividend is 2*l.* 5s., against 2*l.* 8s. Out of nine Companies, then, two pay higher dividends than at this time last year, two pay lower dividends, and five distribute the same as twelve months ago. Considering the effects of the strike, the growth of fixed charges, and the steady increase of expenditure, this is an exceedingly satisfactory result.

The money market continues as well supplied and as easy

as ever. For instance, at the Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange this week bankers lent all that was required at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as an average. As the holiday season is now beginning, it is probable that rates will continue very low for some months yet; indeed, the likelihood is that the ease will be unbroken till the end of the year. Only very little gold is now being shipped from Bombay. The price of the metal in India has fallen somewhat, and, after the fall, shippers are more ready to buy. But generally the value of the rupee is too high to encourage much selling. Little gold is being received from other quarters, and a demand has sprung up for the Continent, so that of the gold arriving here most is being taken away. Still, there is no appearance of a strong demand for the metal, and, therefore, presumably the market will remain for months in its present lifeless condition.

The India Council has been very successful this week in the sale of its drafts. It offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lakhs of rupees, and sold its bills at 1s. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per rupee. Later in the day it disposed of a small amount by special contract. Money is very easy in India. Trade is slack, and, therefore, there is little demand for remittance. On the other hand, the low exchange has so greatly discouraged the exports of Lancashire piece goods to India that the excess of exports over imports is very large just now, which is enabling the Council to sell freely.

This week a considerable number of new issues have been brought out. It was known that these had been prepared for a considerable time past; but the unwillingness of investors to part with their money had kept them back. Rather than postpone them till the autumn, however, several issues are now brought out. Generally speaking, there is a very good demand for the Debenture stocks of British breweries, and little doubt is felt that these will be fully taken. But the distrust of the public of nearly all new enterprise is preventing the appearance of other issues which are known to be ready whenever the feeling of the public changes. Probably we shall have a very considerable increase in them in the autumn. The railway traffic returns are again satisfactory this week, and everything points to a large home trade and a steady increase in it. But the foreign trade is undoubtedly bad. At some of the great trade centres, too, there are commercial difficulties, and forgeries of bills upon the Deutsche Bank have been discovered at Dundee.

Business upon the Stock Exchange is growing smaller and smaller as the holiday season approaches so closely. The Settlement this week passed over very quietly. The account open for the rise was very small, and the demand for loans from the banks was quite trifling. The prices of British Government securities, British Municipal securities, British Railway Debenture and Preference stocks are all well maintained; but most investors are holding aloof, thinking the quotations too high. Apparently these first-class securities have already reached, or very nearly reached, the highest points. British railway Ordinary stocks are in fairly good demand, and, as already said, British brewery Debenture stocks are in good request. Outside of these, however, there is hardly anything doing. The condition of affairs in the United States is extremely bad. In ordinary times, the American department is one of the very largest in the Stock Exchange, and when active it diffuses an optimist spirit all over the Exchange. On the other hand, when depressed, as now, it generally discourages. Unfortunately the appearances are that matters will grow worse rather than improve. There is a dead-lock in Congress, the President and the House of Representatives being on one side and the Senate on the other, and it looks as if no tariff measure can be carried this Session. If so, the tariff agitation and uncertainty will continue; and there is little prospect of any improvement in trade. It seems certain, likewise, that nothing can be done to put the currency in order. Gold is being shipped from New York in large amounts; the Treasury reserve, which ought to be 20 millions sterling as a minimum, is scarcely higher than 12 millions sterling now; and at any moment we may see a return of the alarm which caused so great a crisis last year. In Central and South America, too, there is nothing favourable to report. The depression in Australasia is as great as ever; and there is much uncertainty respecting the course of events in India; while the threatened war in Corea is disturbing the Far East. A report was circulated early

in the week that the Greek Government had reconsidered its decision, and had made an acceptable offer to the representatives of the bondholders; but the report turns out incorrect. M. Tricoupi's offer is almost certain to be rejected by the bondholders, and it looks now as if there would be a complete default. The crisis in Italy, too, is deepening. Quite lately, the speculators who had been selling Italian bonds in Paris without possessing them have been buying back, which has strengthened the market; but the best judges in Italy itself, as well as here, and generally all over the Continent, fear that the crisis will become more acute. In Spain, Congress has adjourned without approving the Tariff Convention with Germany, or even passing the Budget, and there are fears of an utter breakdown. With so many causes of apprehension, investors are undoubtedly acting wisely in keeping aloof from markets. We hope that they will continue to show equal caution until they can see their way somewhat more clearly.

Consols closed on Thursday at $101\frac{1}{6}$, being a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{8}$; Indian Sterling Threes closed at $99\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$; Rupee-paper closed at $55\frac{1}{2}$, being a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; New Zealand Three and a Halfs closed at $94\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$. In the Home Railway market Great Northern Preference Ordinary closed at $115\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; London and Brighton Undivided closed at 172 , a rise of 1 ; while Brighton "A" closed at $154\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. North Staffordshire closed at 135 , a rise of 1 ; South-Eastern "A" closed at $79\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of 1 ; and Great Eastern closed at $81\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of 1 . In the American department there has been a general fall, extending to almost all classes of securities. Thus, to begin with the purely speculative shares, which investors should not touch, Atchison shares closed on Thursday at $3\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; and Central Pacific shares closed at $11\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; while Denver shares closed at 9 , a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Coming next to the more speculative bonds, we find that Atchison Fours closed at $72\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of as much as 4 ; and that Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at 79 , a fall of 2 . Lastly, taking the sound dividend-paying shares, New York Central closed at 99 , a fall of 1 . In the foreign department, Argentine Fives of 1886 closed at $60\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; the Funding Loan closed at 63 , a fall of 1 ; Ecuador New Bonds closed at $18-22$, a fall of as much as $10\frac{1}{2}$, on a telegram announcing suspension of interest payments. Chilean Fives closed at 94 , a rise of 1 ; Italian Fives closed at $77\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$; French Rentes closed at 101 , a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; and German Threes closed at 91 , also a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE THEATRES.

THE present week may be said to be the first of the dead theatrical season, although a rather larger number of houses than usual remain open, or find fresh occupiers for the early and middle autumn. On Friday night, last week, the last performance of the Haymarket season took place, Mr. Tree varying his programme for the occasion—that is to say, *A Bunch of Violets* made way for *An Enemy of the People* and *The Ballad-Monger*. From the point of view from which Mr. Tree evidently regards the character of Dr. Stockmann, his performance of it is unquestionably of great excellence; even if he emphasizes elements which seem to others to give it a meaning which necessarily destroys its dramatic interest. There is no substantial difference between the Friday night's representation and those preceding it, and the Doctor still strikes us as a noisy, egotistical sputter with a bee in his bonnet. There is scarcely a dramatic moment in the play, and we are constrained to echo the regret that the Haymarket manager did not fulfil the intention attributed to him of making his farewell to the season in *Hamlet*, or even in *Once Upon a Time*. By way of contrast, and a grateful one, Mr. Tree also played Gringoire, in *The Ballad-Monger*, a character which he invested with the same romantic spirit which has distinguished his rendering of the starving poet on previous occasions, and his declamation of the Ballade, "The Orchard of the King," was even more vigorously effective than ever. Mrs. Tree's Loyse was

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charmingly graceful and natural; so that it is evident that the style she has adopted for such parts as Mrs. Murgatroyd and the heroine of *A Modern Eve* has not impaired the quality of her acting in characters where delicacy and tenderness are necessary. Mr. Tree's reference to his pleasure at "the remarkable progress which Mrs. Tree has made in the estimation of the public" is more than justified by the facts; for, though she has done nothing to efface the memory of her Ophelia, the development of her powers in other work has been rapid, steady, and continuous. As to Mr. Tree's remarks upon his season we have nothing to say, except to expostulate with him upon the pessimism which leads him to remark upon the probable imminent fate of the "bright-eyed minority" to which he seems to dedicate his work. But pessimism is a fashion of the day, and Mr. Tree has backed his opinion heavily, and with courage and enterprise. We do not thank him for *The Tempter*, and, as he did not mention *The Charlatan*, neither will we. On the other hand, *Once Upon a Time* is a charmingly quaint and fanciful play, its only fault being that it is somewhat over the heads of the average theatre-going public. *A Bunch of Violets*, if not so good a play, has the more practical virtue of attracting all classes of society, and is by no means unworthy of its popularity. On the whole, therefore, the Haymarket manager is to be congratulated on the past season, both as actor and manager. It is interesting to note that Mr. Lawrence Irving plays Mr. Tree's part, Sir Philip Merchant, in *A Bunch of Violets*, on tour.

On the following night Mr. Irving made his last appearance for the season at the Lyceum, *The Merchant of Venice* taking the place, for that evening only, of *Becket*. With the power, subtlety, and pathos of Mr. Irving's Shylock, with the now girlish, now womanly, always sweet, graceful, and winning Portia of Miss Ellen Terry, we have been long and pleasantly familiar, and the revival, even for one evening, was an occasion of commanding interest. Again these two consummate artists exercised the fascination which has made them irresistible. The finest moment of the play was the silently despairing and anguished exit of Shylock in the Trial scene, and in this Mr. Irving's handling was as masterly and impressive as ever. The Bassanio of Mr. Terriss—his farewell performance at the Lyceum prior to his departure for melodrama and the Adelphi—was manly and vigorous, without the boisterousness which Mr. Terriss is somewhat prone to import into his work; and admirable assistance was rendered by Mr. Haviland as Antonio and Mr. Howe as the Duke, conspicuous among an excellent all-round company; and the stage-management, especially in respect of the crowd in the Trial scene, was simply beyond praise. Little surprise could have been felt at Mr. Irving's announcement that Mr. Comyns Carr's poetic drama, *King Arthur*, will be produced in December, though it was not previously known or suspected that Sir Arthur Sullivan had undertaken to write the music, nor that Sir Edward Burne-Jones would supply the sketches for the scenery; while the production of *Cinderella* last Christmas prepared us for the announcement that a series of morning performances under the direction of Mr. Oscar Barrett will be given during the coming Christmas holidays this year. It was also known that Mr. Irving intended at some time to produce an English version of *Madame Sans-Gêne*, in which Mme. Réjane is now delighting English audiences at the Gaiety Theatre. As to Miss Terry's probable capacity for fulfilling this very difficult part we have already expressed our opinion. In his genially humorous speech on Saturday night, the Lyceum manager laughingly anticipated objections on the ground of height and so forth to his playing the Little Corporal. What Mr. Irving will probably do is to give so much of his personal charm and intense individuality to the part that people will not notice or care whether he is six feet high and three feet round, or five feet high and five feet round.

Of the theatres which will remain open during what we may call the recess, the most noticeable is the Vaudeville, where Mr. Arthur Law's clever farce, *The New Boy*, will be continued without a break. It is very significant that two of the most brilliant theatrical successes of the present year have been frank farces, *Charley's Aunt* and *The New Boy*. Not the least gratifying part about them is that there is no word or suggestion in either which can give offence to the most fastidious. They teach no lesson, and pretend to teach none. They are not "problems," they are not psychological. They are honest fun, material for laughter, and find their

account in crowded houses. If Mr. Brandon Thomas and Mr. Arthur Law can strike the public fancy thus, why not others? We fancy that the recent decease of the Society of British Dramatic Art supplies, or at least suggests, one reason.

THE THREE ARBITRATORS.

1st Arb. I'M a light of the Equity Bar;
2nd Arb. You are,

3rd Arb. By far
The most prominent light
Of that Bar, Mr. Wh-te,
You're a bright, a particular star!

2nd Arb. In a different walk I appear,
Though near
Your sphere.

1st Arb. Forensic, like mine?
2nd Arb. No; judicial. In fine,
I'm Assistant-Commissioner Gr-r.

3rd Arb. My line's not exactly the same.
1st Arb. Your claim
To fame?
3rd Arb. Is the skill I command
In appraisement of land.
You have heard of me. F-ttr-l's my name.

All. A remarkable trio we are,
And far
'Bove par.

2nd Arb. A Commissioner staid,
3rd Arb. A land-expert by trade,
1st Arb. And a light of the Equity Bar.

(A pause.)

2nd Arb. Pray, how do you feel, Mr. Wh-te?
All right!
Not quite.

1st Arb. For I rather suspect,
Now I come to reflect,
That our duties will hardly be light.

1st Arb. I regard them, for my part, as queer,
Mr. Gr-r.
2nd Arb. Same here!

As to F-ttr-l, I know
He considers them so.

3rd Arb. Yes; I own I approach them with fear.

1st Arb. We are bound to do justice, I guess?
2nd Arb. Why, yes!
3rd Arb. No less.

1st Arb. Yet how to be just
With this singular trust?

2nd Arb. 'Tis a puzzle to me, I confess.

1st Arb. From rewarding the Plan of Campaign
I'd fain
Refrain.

I would say that we won't,
Only then, if we don't,
We shall "arbitrate" wholly in vain.

2nd Arb. To turn a "new tenant" of thrift
Adrift
To shift
For himself is a sin.

But how let him stay in
When we want to give M-ri-y a lift?

3rd Arb. To pledge the State's credit, and let
It get
Its debt

From a debtor who went
For embezzling his rent,
Is a monstrous proceeding. And yet!—
(Another pause.)

2nd Arb. I'm Assistant-Commissioner Gr-r;
But I'm rather afraid I shall hear

Men jeer,
And sneer,
At the ease of the terms
Upon which he affirms
His Commissioner's conscience is clear.

3rd Arb. I'm a notable expert in land,
But my acts may be jealously scanned,
And banned.
A brand

I may bear, and may hear on each hand,
"How an expert like you
Can decide as you do,
Is a thing we do *not* understand."

1st Arb. As for me, though a light of the Bar,
They may say he don't know "where 'e are,"
His fame by this step he'll go far
To mar,
And scar;
On professional nerves it will jar.
Yes, they'll say, "Mr. Wh-te,
Though you may be a 'bright'
You are not a 'particular' star."

REVIEWS.

AMONG MEN AND HORSES.

Among Men and Horses. By M. Horace Hayes, F.R.C.V.S., late Captain "The Buffs." London: T. Fisher Unwin.

CAPTAIN HAYES is so well known as a horse-lover and writer about horses that his new book is sure to be welcomed by the very large body of readers who interest themselves in the science and practice of equitation, and who will here have the advantage of being amused as well as interested. The work is, in fact, a capital addition to the series of sporting autobiographies of which Custance's *Riding Recollections* and Sir John Astley's *Fifty Years of My Life* are the most recent and notable examples.

Captain Hayes began soldiering in the Royal Artillery, then served on the Staff in India, and subsequently in the Buffs. He then qualified himself as a veterinary surgeon, and in all parts of the Old World, from Newmarket to Shanghai, wherever the worship of the horse prevails, there has Captain Hayes erected his temporary altars, and served them amongst his brother devotees. His reasons for writing some of his numerous works are occasionally given with a frankness fully equal to that of Sir John Astley. Thus he admits to having been once constrained by Mrs. Hayes to write a treatise on dogs, a theme for which he felt no real vocation, because she wanted a new dress and he a fresh supply of shirt collars—such modest requirements, too, to spur a man into action! but he says that, as a rule, he wrote because the fire long smouldering at last kindled within him, and he felt bound to put on paper the ideas and knowledge that he had laboriously accumulated. It is remarkable, however, that a man who has had such large experience of presswork, for he is constantly revising and bringing out new editions of his books, should occasionally perpetrate such extraordinary freaks of English, or be so careless in correcting proofs. One sentence quoted from a friend's letter is so comical that it will surely please Captain Hayes to be reminded of it. The writer is describing a billiard match at Dublin where a very good thing, indeed, had been brought off by its promoters, and he winds up by saying, "by far the worst loser was the Wolseyite who is still alive, I much regret to say." Does he really mean he is sorry the Wolseyite lives?—it is not often people indulge in such cynical outspokenness—or is he ungrammatically deplored the Wolseyite's loss? Anyhow the Wolseyite ought to feel flattered if he reads these lines.

A very curious blunder, for which the author is responsible, is speaking of Colonel "Sam" *Lynes* as being in command of the Horse Artillery Riding Establishment at Woolwich. Colonel "Sam" *Lynes*, who did occupy that position, one of the smartest officers that ever put on the H. A. uniform, is evidently the person referred to, and is so well known that the mistake as to his identity would seem impossible. Can it be that our author, who is an Irishman, thinks that a name, which is pronounced *Lynes*, must necessarily be spelt *Lyons*?

Though fairly successful with his classes in England, Captain Hayes did better in India, China, and at the Cape than in Europe; the chief reason being, he tells us, that in England horses are taken up and handled when quite young, are therefore more easily broken, and fewer savages or sulkers remain for the professional tamer to tackle. In India, on the contrary, where a large proportion of the horses are walers who have been running wild till four or five years old, and who violently resent

infringement of their liberty, there is always ample material for the expert trainer, and plenty of owners ready to avail themselves of his services with their so-called incurables, and to be taught his methods for their future guidance. What these methods are by which Captain Hayes professes to reduce the most unruly animals to submission, and to make confirmed refusals take a pleasure in jumping within a few hours, he does not here tell us, merely indicating that the "long rein" is the foundation of his system; probably he is of opinion that everybody has read, or should read, his *Illustrated Horse-breaking*. All Irishmen, except those in Parliament, are supposed to have a keen sense of humour, and Captain Hayes admirably illustrates this national characteristic—his stories are always funny and mostly new. The poker-player's retort to the stern parent who refused to give his daughter's hand to a gambler is as neat as need be.

As regards horses, Captain Hayes never takes, or has taken, anything on trust; having weighed and found them wanting, he laughs to scorn some of the most time-honoured maxims and traditions of the stable; incidentally, too, he appears to us to explode a fallacy which of late years has been largely believed in by Englishmen—namely, that the air of the Cape actually cures horses of roaring. If this were the case, it is hardly possible that a matter of such immense importance would be passed over without notice by so enthusiastic a Vet. as the author, especially as he does mention the difficulty of acclimatizing English horses at the Cape; yet though he tells us that the stock of the two notorious roarers—Belladrum and Candlemas—have been perfectly sound in wind, which freedom from hereditary taint he attributes to the Cape climate, he says no word to make us suppose that the sires themselves were improved in that respect.

NOVELS.

Father Stafford. By Anthony Hope, Author of "A Man of Mark." London: Cassell & Co.

A Costly Freak. By Maxwell Gray, Author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1894.

Winifred Mount. By Richard Pryce, Author of "Miss Maxwell's Affections." London: Methuen & Co. 1894.

A Modern Buccaneer. By Rolf Boldrewood, Author of "Robbery under Arms." London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Time and the Player. By Lewis Hainault. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

A Puritan Pagan. A Novel. By Julian Gordon, Author of "A Diplomat's Diary" &c. London: Gay & Bird. 1894.

The Flower of Forgiveness. By Flora Annie Steel. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

ONE looks for cleverness in Mr. Anthony Hope's stories, and one seldom fails to find it. *Father Stafford* is not only clever, but also uniformly entertaining. It is a short story of a man injudiciously engaged, of a very attractive and well-described girl to whom he ought to be engaged, of an ascetic clergyman whom also she unintentionally fascinates, and of some other useful personages. Very noticeable in this book, as in most of Mr. Hope's others, is the flavour of something which those who do not like it would call cynicism, but which, in fact, consists rather of a kind of Shakespearian self-suppression by the author. Has he high aims and lofty aspirations? Perhaps; but, if so, he keeps them strictly to himself, and, when his characters are elevated, "high-strung," or serious, is content to indicate in a manner, partly friendly and partly satirical, some of the more or less ridiculous aspects from which those states of mind, however laudable in themselves, can never be wholly free. *Father Stafford's* asceticism, and his theory and practice of celibacy, had much in them that was laudable, and also something which, rightly viewed, was highly entertaining to the spectator. It is the latter, rather than the former, view that Mr. Hope exhibits to his readers. His characters are ladies and gentlemen, their conversation is amusing, and is set down in language fit to be written, printed, and read, and their adventures are not uninteresting. To our taste, the "cynicism" of such works as this is like a draught of fresh wholesome air, when it is compared with the sickly earnestness of the novelist who wants to regenerate us, and more particularly with the follies so frequently perpetrated in the names of Dr. Ibsen and the "New Woman."

Criminal trials seem to have a morbid fascination for "Maxwell Gray." The principal personage of *A Costly Freak* is a Mr. Ray, an elderly clergyman, almost impossibly innocent, in all senses of the word, who contrived to get himself indicted on a charge of stealing money. Nobody died, like the felonious Dean Maitland, or the judge with an irregular "past"; but a very considerable amount of agony was piled up before a verdict of acquittal restored the reverend gentleman to his

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curacy. His rector, George Burroughes, is the hero of the story in the sense of being *jeune premier*. We are sorry for him, because he might have married a much more attractive girl than he did; but we are inclined to attribute her superior attractiveness to accident. It seems probable that the author, to begin with, meant to make the somewhat tearful heroine, daughter of the alleged thief, the better of the two, but that in the end the second heroine supplanted her in the affections of their common creator. The story is short, and not written with excessive care. "Female hat" is a clumsy expression for a woman's hat, and "*Fiat voluntas tuas*" is an ill phrase to be used, as it is, twice over. The story is slight, and fails to secure our sympathy for the unjustly accused in anything like the same degree, for instance, as *Framley Parsonage*, in which, unless a fickle memory has mixed the titles, the main feature of the plot is something of the same kind. But there are very few authors writing nowadays with the solid power of Anthony Trollope. The author speaks of a favourite tobacco-pipe as "it—or rather she," holding pipes to be "necessarily feminine." We are persuaded that "Maxwell Gray" has never smoked one. Ships are women, and steam-engines are women, but your pipe is a dog, and if it had any gender would probably be masculine.

Winifred Mount is one of those stories that make one ask oneself whether it ever happens in real life. Here is a very moderately entertaining stick, with the not particularly romantic surname of Twine, and all the girls in the story are passionately in love with him. His cousin had hysterics about him to an extent that produced somnambulism and brain-fever, and narrowly missed producing scandal. Winifred Mount, the rather too capable and high-souled heroine, fell in love with him at first sight (as did he with her) and married him, and the second heroine, who was much the pleasantest and most cheerful of the three, loved him dearly, would have married him if Winifred had not appeared just in time to prevent her, and when she had selected a *pis-aller*, admitted to Winifred, who was her bosom friend, that she would have taken Twine if she could have got him. This sort of modern Paris is perhaps more frequent in ladies' novels, but Mr. Pryce certainly seems to believe in the reality of the type. It is a "society" sort of novel, and by no means ill done of its kind. The weakest point is the shadow that hung over Winifred's life. While she was growing up her father would never see her, and, at the age of eighteen, having read novels and talked to her schoolfellow, she naturally came to the conclusion that she was illegitimate; and though her mind was relieved on this score, and she went to live with her father, he would never mention her mother to her, and presently died without revealing the cause of his settled melancholy. At the long last it turned out that when she was three years old she had turned over a candle and set her mother on fire, whereby she was burnt to death. The motive seems wholly inadequate for the troublesome mystery to which it gave rise.

One is tempted to suggest that Mr. Rolf Boldrewood must have written *A Modern Buccaneer* with his foot instead of his hand, or dictated it from the seat of a bicycle, or in some other way made a *tour de force* of its production. It tells us a great deal about the life of traders in the South Sea Islands, and expresses much admiration of a Captain Hayston, a famous character in those parts, half trader and half pirate, and, as far as we can learn from what we are told of him, a very commonplace fellow, but for being a good boxer and a short-tempered bully. But it is long, rambling, trivial, extraordinarily disjointed, and has absolutely nothing to call a story, unless it be a short idyll at the end telling how the hero was fished out of the sea by a peerless Norfolk Island maiden, and married her, the course of true love running as smooth as oil, and she immediately became the handsomest, best-looking, best-dressed, and most desirable wife in Sydney. Can the mind that made *Robbery under Arms* and *Nevermore* have made this? The title-page and the binding assure us that it did; but it is ever so much more puzzling than Blake's tiger and lamb.

Paul Lefroy, hero of *Time and the Player*, was a dark-eyed Guy Livingstonian sort of a stock-jobber who was, during the two or three months of his story, in imminent peril of (1) being ruined, and (2) going mad. He just managed, by dint of very hard work and a fortunate gold mine, to avoid both, but at the expense of his life. He had to conceal his two dangers from his wife, to whom he was much attached, and did so. It is a sombre tale, and told with a good deal of force, though one is never quite free in reading it from a sense of absurdity. There is a rather good woman in the book, Lady Rhoda, an aunt of Lefroy, but of his own age, with whom he was in love without knowing it. The volume has rough edges to its leaves, and an intense physical aspect. In fact, it is intense throughout, and also, as has been said, a little absurd.

Mr. Julien Gordon prefixes to *A Puritan Pagan* a dedication so frightful (and so short) that it must be given in full:—"I Dedicate this Story of a Man's Sin and Repentance to Earnest People." We hope earnest people will like it. It tells how Norwood, who had no Christian name, married Paula, and they were both Agnostics. She bored him, and he formed a temporary attachment to another lady, a grass widow. The grass widow died and was done with; but, being in some distress of mind, Norwood explained his past relations with her to his wife. She thereupon flounced out of the house, and refused any further communication with him, and went about America and Europe flirting with princes, and suffering inconceivable agonies. And he went about his business, and suffered inconceivable agonies, so that his hair turned grey, and he wrote long screeds of affection and repentance to Paula, all of which she returned unopened, and he preserved in a table-drawer. And at last some friends interposed and made it up, so she went home and said, "Norwood, I love you!" He said that wasn't enough, so she said, "Norwood, I trust you!" "With a wild cry he caught her."

Some people think Mrs. Steel a good imitator of Mr. Kipling, and some think her a bad one. It would be fatuous to suggest that her stories do not owe much of their form to Mr. Kipling's example. There are sixteen stories in these two volumes, and we have found most of them rather tiresome—both dull in themselves and too long for the sort of thing. The best of these are perhaps "The Footstep of Death," "Habitual Criminals," and "A Debt of Honour," but even in the first of these, which is the strongest, and the one that dwells most in the memory, there is a good deal that is tedious. The reputation enjoyed by Mrs. Steel seems to suggest that her stories have merit, which it is our misfortune not to perceive, and if that be so, these stories have that merit—at least they are as good as any work of hers which has come under our notice. But for all that they do not interest us.

MASTERS OF GERMAN MUSIC.

Masters of German Music. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

THE title of this volume, the third of a series dealing with facts and incidents in the careers of eminent living composers, should attract numbers of students who cannot command such a luxury as Sir George Grove's Musical Dictionary, and too often starve upon a meagre supply of information conveyed in the ordinary concert programme. They will find in this volume a summary of the little that is known of the private life of Johannes Brahms, the first creative musician of the age, and a thoughtful and scholarlike analysis of his works, supplemented by a catalogue of his published compositions, and those without opus numbers.

We are glad to be told of Max Bruch, Goldmark, Rheinberger, &c., and it is interesting to find such supreme executants as Mme. Schumann and Joachim quoted as composers of music. But naturally the chief interest centres in, and the first place is assigned to Brahms; for after Wagner's death, no musician in Germany could hesitate to pay homage, willing or unwilling, to a composer with whom "thought is of paramount importance, the manner of expression a secondary thing." Year after year, thanks to Richter and our own native conductors and impresarios, our Monday "Pops" and enterprising musical societies, we are slowly awakening to the fact that Beethoven is not the last of the Immortals who made a home in Vienna. For some thirty years and more Brahms has resided in the city so imperishably connected with German art. Though we admire his dread of the Leo Hunters, the interviewers, *et hoc genus omne*, we have not been inhospitable to his music, and should appreciate the honour of a solitary visit from the great musician. There are convenient trains from Vienna to London. Warned by a good story told us by Mr. Maitland, we should respect his privacy, and, above all, we should be coy in "bringing forth our butter in lordly dishes." "At Baden-Baden, where Brahms often passes part of the summer, he was accosted by a certain lion-hunter one day as he lay under a tree in a garden; a little speech, obviously prepared beforehand, was delivered, in which was set forth the speaker's enormous admiration for the composer's works, and the overpowering sense of honour he felt at the interview; in fact, the whole stock-in-trade of the professional interviewer was employed just a little too evidently. The temptation to punish the stranger—whom we may fancy to have been a person of full habit—was too much for Brahms, who interrupted the flow of enthusiasm with the remark, "Stop, my dear sir, there must be some mistake here. I have no doubt you are looking for my brother, the composer. I'm sorry to say he has just gone out for a walk; but, if you make haste and run along that path through the wood, and up

yonder hill, you may probably still catch him up." It is clear that the author of a "Requiem" destined to become as famous as Mozart's and Cherubini's can "laugh through tears."

The world, it seems, is to be cheated out of a single opera by this great musical thinker. This is grievous, for, as Mr. Maitland observes, "Brahms's work has left opera untouched, but covered every other branch of art, and with absolute success in all." *Fidelio*, Beethoven's single opera, is a jewel we could ill brook the loss of in the composer's crown. Brahms's excuse is a quaint one:—"Had I already written one opera, I would assuredly have written a second; but I cannot make up my mind to write the first. I regard opera writing (for myself) in much the same view as I do matrimony."

Under any conditions of life, so deep a thinker, so individual a composer, as Brahms must have come to the front, for he invariably appeals to the higher emotions, and by virtue of his marked individuality and constructive power has more than fulfilled the prophecy of Schumann, who hailed in him the "Messiah of Music." He has been reproached as a musical ascetic; it must not be forgotten that he discovered Dvořák and most generously befriended him.

Between Brahms and Max Bruch there is a great gulf fixed; a still greater between Brahms and the other German composers whose lives and achievements are reviewed in this volume. It is a case of "Eclipsed first, all the rest nowhere." Though a minor prophet, Max Bruch is an eminent man who has deserved far more liberal recognition in England than he has met with. Of his seventy compositions, but few have taken root in this country, though his sound musicianship was vouched for years ago by such competent judges as Spohr, Hiller, and Lachner. The enthusiasm of the Bach choir for the music to the scenes from the *Odyssey*, performed in March 1833, was not checked by the bare civility of some of our newspaper critics, who gave a strong hint to the composer that his music was not good enough for England. Max Bruch need not be discouraged. He can afford to wait for ampler recognition from us. In the absence of Brahms last year, when the University of Cambridge conferred honorary degrees on Saint-Saëns, Boito, and Tchaikowsky, as representing France, Italy, and Russia, it was felt that Max Bruch, as championing Germany, was worthy of the three colleagues selected by Cambridge for special distinction.

Not the least interesting essay in this volume is that upon Josef Rheinberger, an all-round musician, though best known as a composer for the organ. Mr. Maitland tells us that, "now Merkel is dead, he may be regarded as the chief representative in modern music of the Pachelbels and Buxtehudes of the olden day." Of course, the development of the orchestra since Bach's time has damaged the influence of the king of instruments, but Rheinberger has attained a high level of distinction as a writer for the organ, and is equally famous as a teacher of composition. In Germany he is reckoned as a fitting successor to Hauptmann, and his *clientèle*, like that of his predecessor, includes a large number of foreign pupils.

If some names of the living composers in Germany are strange to English ears—names and nothing more—it is time that our ignorance should be dispelled, and Mr. Maitland has taken infinite pains to enlighten us. We cannot doubt that so useful a work as this will become popular with students who are able to appreciate the value of impartial criticism and literary research.

SANTA TERESA.

Santa Teresa; being some Account of her Life and Times, together with some Pages from the History of the last great Reform of the Religious Orders. By Gabriela Cunningham Graham. London: A. & C. Black. 1894.

CONSIDERING her prominence as a figure in ecclesiastical history, her fame as a mystic author, and her influence upon the Spanish life of her century, perhaps rather less than might have been expected has been written in the English language concerning St. Teresa, though we have a magnificent and imperishable tribute to her in Crashaw's verses. Her life should receive the more attention from English people because it was contemporary with stirring times in their own country, her birth having taken place early in the reign of Henry VIII., and her career having extended through the entire reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, and through the greater part of that of Elizabeth. Moreover, during some of the most important years of her life, her monarch was the husband of an English Queen. It should also be borne in mind that the religious order which she entered and reformed had been established in England about as soon as in any other European country, and that its first European general was an Englishman. There were some-

thing like fifty monasteries or convents of the Carmelites, or White Friars, in this country at the dissolution of the abbeys, which took place in the days of St. Teresa herself. Perhaps to the student of English history the life of St. Teresa is chiefly attractive in so far as it influenced, or was influenced by, that curious character, so intimately connected with England, Philip II., and we may reflect with satisfaction that she had died before the great Spanish Armada sailed from the ports of her country for our shores. It may be that mysticism is somewhat foreign to the English temperament; but England has been at least an interested observer of it in other nations, and if the spiritual development of our own mystics—such as the three very different men, "the man in leather breeches," George Fox, Wycliffe, and Edward Irving—was less free and full than that of certain foreigners, it is unquestionable that Englishmen have taken a deep interest in the mysticism of the scriptural writers, and that, of late years, they have dipped into the mysteries of Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Brahminism, Buddhism, and other Eastern religions, while they have dabbled freely in the somewhat amateur mysticism of Swedenborg and other modern quacks. If even the latter can interest them, how is it that the matter-of-fact, nay sometimes almost John-Bull-like, mysticism of St. Teresa does not more recommend itself to the British mind? Partly, perhaps, because of the traditional national antipathy to anything Popish; partly, in all probability, because comparatively few books either by her, or about her, exist in the English language; and if the two large volumes which we are about to notice should have the effect of leading Englishmen to a further study of this remarkable woman and her works, they will not have been written in vain.

Mrs. Cunningham Graham tells us of a certain Life of St. Teresa in which "turgid sentence succeeds sentimental rhapsody," and we think we could name a book on the same subject having, in this respect, much in common with it. Her own powers of description, which are considerable, not infrequently run riot, nor is the "turgid sentence" altogether absent in her writings. We have not sufficient space at our command to quote a rhapsody at full length, and, mutilated, half its beauty would be lost. We can only go so far as to say that she loves to write of "ineffable sweetness" and "words, palpitating with devotion," of altars "bathed in the penumbra of sadness," and of "the spiritual life of the individual conscience, chained to the primordial idea, governing an assemblage of fallacious appearances." The preface informs us that we are going to be told about Teresa "the woman" rather than Teresa the mystic. Here is a specimen of a description of the plain matter-of-fact woman:—"Teresa is mentally incapable of thinking an abstraction. Yet a delicate psychological insight, an intuitive instinct, aided by a nature deflected unnaturally upon itself, lead to the same results as those attained by Eckart." Again, "the positive tendency of her mind" led "her to a complete anthropomorphism"; and, although she records her "emotions, ecstasies, raps, passionate delights,—these agonizing, yet delicious pains, these moments of darkness, aridness, and despair, her words at times, resembling the erotic language of human passion, vibrate through the senses, at others ascend to heights of serenity and peace." How clearly in these, and countless other passages of a similar character, the woman, as apart from the saint and the mystic, stands out! Here is a fragment of a sentence in the author's description of St. John of the Cross:—"San Juan de la Cruz is a being without a sex, without passions, a soul continuously hovering on the confines of two worlds, a vaporous emanation which seems at times to roam through immeasurable space." These are strong words to use of a man who sometimes suffered from a distaste for all spiritual things and was terribly worried by ulcers in the legs. Even what we should call donkeys she describes as "mute companions of the animal world" (do not Castilian donkeys know how to bray?) for which St. Teresa "never hinted the remotest predilection," although the possession of one "would have enhanced her interest and fascination"; why we cannot quite make out.

While treating of the author's style, it may be worth noticing that she is fond of such familiar words as "disvirtualized," "alembicated," "scabrous," "unpracticality," "placated," and "meticulous." To understand her book a large dictionary is almost necessary; nor are her words always to be found in one. She has a peculiar system of mixing her past and present tenses. For instance, "Of her nine brothers seven seek their fortunes in the Indies" with varying result; one only became a monk." Of the remainder, Don Lorenzo "becomes treasurer in the province of Quito. Pedro served the King of Spain." Agustín "accepts a governorship," while "Antonio took the habit." The italics are ours.

[July 28, 1894.]

We do not care to dispute Mrs. Cunningham Graham's assertion that to the unhappy Spaniard there is "but one passport to Heaven—the hair shirt," little as we believe it, or that "for him, too, in one place only is there safety from the mocking demon—the cloister"; but when she goes on to say, "Once admit the dualism of soul and body, or rather the preponderating claims of the soul over the body, and this is the infallible consequence," we venture to join issue. Surely it would astonish many a quiet and respectable English clergyman to be told that because he admits the dualism of the soul and the body, and that the claims of the former are higher and greater than those of the latter, in short, that eternity is of more importance than time, he is infallibly committed to the doctrine that he will be damned eternally unless he wears a hair shirt, and that the mocking demon will pounce upon him unless he forthwith retires into a monastery. Probably a Roman Catholic parish priest, even in Spain itself, would be equally astounded at such a preposterous statement.

There is much in this book about the "lurid flames of the Inquisition," and the theory is propounded that the disuse of the detestable cruelties of the Spanish Inquisitors is not owing to any general increase of humanitarianism—"one has only to survey our whole commercial system of the sweepers and sweat to give any such quibble a startling denial"—but "rather because men are no longer capable of the same depth of conviction, the same passionate energy of belief." Now, what the author would call "the infallible consequence" of such a theory would be that the deeper the religious conviction of a Christian, and the more energetic his belief—in other words, the greater his faith and the better his practice—the more eager would he be to burn to death everybody who did not exactly agree with him; a doctrine which would not only be intolerable to Lutherans, Greeks, Russians, and Anglicans, but, if submitted to that most popish of all tribunals, "a Roman Congregation," would pretty certainly be placed upon the list of "condemned propositions."

Whatever be the opinions and literary tastes of the readers of *Santa Teresa*, they can hardly fail to find much in it to interest them. St. Teresa's adventures in founding her convents form an exciting romance, heightened by the dangers she frequently appeared to run of being thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. These adventures alone make this biography very readable; but it has another attraction. The quarrels of pious people have a singular charm for people who are not pious, and plenty of them are described at great length in this biography. In addition to the interest in the central figure, the work is valuable on account of the stories it contains of other characters, such as the Duke and Duchess of Alba, the Princess of Ebo, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, Gratian, and, not least, Philip II. It may be worth mentioning, in passing, that the "beatification" of one of her acquaintances, John of Avila, was solemnly pronounced by Pope Leo XIII. a few days ago. We are quite ready to admit that, although the author has dwelt far more on the mysticism and saintliness of Teresa, in proportion to her ordinary womanlike character, than she professes, or possibly is even aware of, she, nevertheless, furnishes many details of her shrewd worldly wisdom and her personal peculiarities. She shows that she was very fond of children, that "no horse-dealer could have displayed more wisdom in the selection of a lot of colts from the pastures of Cordoba than does Teresa in the selection of her novices," and that "'money down' is the Saint's maxim in every" commercial transaction. She describes her appearance and enumerates some of her bodily infirmities; and, after all, if she does dwell more upon the psychological side of St. Teresa's character than she promises, we are not sure that we are losers by that. No English biographer has produced a more exhaustive treatise upon St. Teresa and her times than Mrs. Cunningham Graham; and, if the "turgid sentence" occurs too often in her descriptions of Spanish life and scenery, they none the less enable the reader to imagine the surroundings of the famous mystic. Copious extracts are given from St. Teresa's own writings, which may enable those who are unacquainted with them to form a fair idea of their character; but, although dealing largely with religious subjects, they are principally from her correspondence, and her higher class of writing may be better observed by the English reader, who does not wish to take the trouble of studying her large volumes, in such a book as the familiar little *St. Teresa's Paternoster*, in the even smaller *Spirit of St. Teresa*, or in the still more humble *Thoughts of St. Teresa*. With respect to her work of this character, we think that, instead of dilating upon "the aberrations of illuminism," Teresa's "floating in agony," her possibly "false and fallacious dreams," "the nebulous and shadowy creations which she fancied she saw flitting before her mental vision," her "tendency to give a concrete form to pale and impalpable abstractions," and much

to the same effect, to which the author devotes very many pages, it would have been wiser and more to the point to demonstrate the fact that, as Faber has said, St. Teresa "represents the common sense" of devotion. In our opinion, the few words which best exemplify the temper of both Teresa the woman and Teresa the saint are those said to have been written by her own hand in her breviary, of which the following very free English rendering may be offered:—"Let nothing trouble you; let nothing frighten you; for all things of time quickly pass away and are gone. But God never changes, and patience may obtain everything; whoever possesses God can never want, for He alone and He only can thoroughly satisfy every desire."

In her epilogue Mrs. Cunningham Graham makes the dogmatic assertion that "there will be no more saints." We suppose she is in possession of some private information on this subject.

AMERICAN TEMPLES.

Travels amongst American Indians: their Ancient Earthworks and Temples. By Vice-Admiral Lindesay Brine. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1894.

"THE land contains a secret," says Admiral Lindesay Brine, quoting Las Casas on the mysterious temples of Yucatan. The Admiral has inspected the well-known mound-buildings of the Northern States, and the fanes of Palenque and Uxmal, but the secret still escapes him, as it is likely to escape us always. Could the hieroglyphs of Palenque and other forest cities be deciphered, we should probably gain a knowledge of the names of forgotten gods, and the victories of unremembered kings. Something, not much, might be learned from linguistic forms. At present the relative age of the temples in Yucatan is unknown. Data derived from examination of tree trunks seem to us of very dubious value. In some cases the stone staircases are sharp and unworn by human feet, like the staircases recently unearthed by Lord Bute in the Priory of St. Andrews. Then some buildings of Yucatan seem to have been deserted early. Some evil fell on the owners—revolution, reformation, plague, barbaric onslaught—and they appear to have been abandoned, in certain instances, before the coming of the Spaniards. No mere desultory inspection by a traveller, like Admiral Lindesay Brine, can be expected to teach us much. We may learn more from Mr. Maudeley's researches, and an exhaustive knowledge of old Spanish texts, manuscript and printed, of native languages, and of the principles of decipherment, are all required. Unluckily we can look for no bilingual inscription here. It cannot be said that Admiral Lindesay Brine possesses the vast special knowledge which alone can constitute an authority. He has travelled; *venit, vidit*—we cannot add *vicit*; he gives us only a journal of tours, and his narrative, like that of Herodotus, "seeks digressions" into all sorts of extraneous matter. The Admiral (pp. 2, 416) thinks that European or Asiatic influences may possibly be detected. The legend of the white, foreign, bearded Quetzalcoatl, with the "crosses" and the travesty of the Mass, of Confession, and so on, seem to indicate European contact. But these things may just as probably be set down to identical working of remote minds. Even among the Eskimos we do not know whether the rite of Confession is original or borrowed. The travesty of the Mass has pre-Christian analogues; so has baptism among Northmen and Maoris. The Admiral has a slight penchant for the Madoc legend; but that has been entirely pulverized by a learned Welsh scholar. A similar tale of bishops escaped from Spain at the Moorish Conquest is very vague. Probably the best chance for a Quetzalcoatl is that of Bishop Eric, who left Greenland for Vinland the Good and was no more heard of; he may have reached the Aztecs.

But all these conjectures are futile; as a matter of fact, we have no Eastern analogues for the art, the architecture, and the inscriptions of Yucatan. The Mounds of Ohio, mainly sepulchral, are at a vast distance from the culture of Central America. Some forts absolutely square or perfectly circular without ditches are extremely puzzling; wrought iron has been found here. If this be genuine, the Mound-Builders can hardly have been on the ordinary Red Indian level of culture. The Admiral, treating of Pawnee human sacrifices (pp. 122, 123), seems unaware of the striking Attic analogies in the *Bouphonia* and *Thesmophoria*. As to Iroquois belief in the Great Spirit, we are inclined to regard it as indigenous, not the remnant of Jesuit instruction as many have believed. Most races have a God; in many he has been superseded by minor worshipful spirits, objects, or animals; in North America generally he had a securer hold of ceremonial and belief. The Admiral (p. 104, note) thinks that the performances of medicine-men "are not worthy of attention." Mr. Grinnell, with Fathers Lejeune and Brébeuf and others, leaves a

very different impression. But only residents of long standing can supply good information on any of the varied topics of which the Admiral treats in passing. The Kakchiquels are said (p. 203) to have practised a form of "crystal-gazing" in judicial procedure. Within a black transparent stone (obsidian?) the judges saw the proper form of punishment! The North American Indians prefer to gaze in a bowl of water, by way of diagnosing symptoms in sickness. The Admiral could find no trace of the whereabouts of the black stone. Much mystery is kept up by the Mexican and Central American natives as to all the many survivals of their old religions (p. 212). On Palenque the Admiral writes:—"There remained upon the mind the feeling that, in some unintelligible manner, the construction had been directed either by foreigners, or by Indians who were partly descended from men of foreign origin. The forms of ancient mosques, and of the inner courts and quadrangles of Arabian or Moorish and Spanish public buildings, were indistinctly recalled to the memory." The so-called "arches" are "unlike any other arch that is known." The whole work is written with simplicity, and the absence of rhetoric greatly increases the interest where these forest-grown ruins of mysterious towers and temples are described. But, as to their secret, that they keep as tenaciously as ever.

GUIDE-BOOKS.

WE have still, as for one or two years past we have had, nothing very particularly novel to chronicle in guide-books; and so long as the principal series which have obtained the public favour continue to keep themselves as much abreast of public demands as they have lately done, there is, perhaps, no chance of anything new. It is when the old staggers distinctly and obviously get lazy that new runners appear. It is true, no doubt, that the ideal guide—the guide that shall be practical without neglecting art and literature and history, historical and literary and artistic without forgetting how to tell you where the best inns are, and at what milestone on the Slowme Road you turn off for Barbazur Castle, and so forth—may seem to some yet to seek. But the improved Murrays leave little to desire on the one hand, and the well-known "Thorough" series, which Mr. Baddeley started now a good many years ago, leaves still less on the other.

It so happens that in this first batch of 1894 guides we have no Murrays (except a sixth edition of his *Scotland*, which reaches us too late for detailed notice this week), and only one Baddeley. This latter is a third edition of the third, or Lowland, part of the *Scotland* (Dulau & Co.). It appears not merely with the usual pink insertion of temporary matter, but revised as to its permanent contents, with enlarged "hints for anglers and golfers," and new large-scale maps of what is called the Burns country. Let us also observe that it covers very well the Galloway district, to which attention has been recently directed; and there is a good map of the very central scene of *The Raiders*. Mr. Baddeley does not seem to be acquainted with that fascinating story; and we are bound to add that the maps will add to the puzzle as to what good its hero expected to do by his final daring journey. He could hardly in such weather have got anywhere north of Loch Enoch; and his future brother-in-law, as a wise commander, ought to have forbidden his journey. But how vile a style of criticism is this on romance!

New (sixth) editions have been issued of the volumes for the West Riding, South Devon, and North Devon in Mr. Stanford's well-known and excellent series of two-shilling Tourist Guides.

It is not surprising that a second English edition of the Baedeker *Northern France* has been called for (Dulau & Co.), for its handiness and the amount of its information make it difficult to surpass. We own that, admirable as it is, we think it has to some extent attempted the impossible. Even the patient care and the ingenious devices of the series are necessarily taxed to the uttermost when they are devoted to the guiding of travellers through the whole of France north of a line which may, roughly speaking, be said to be drawn from Saint-Nazaire to Besançon. We may possibly have suggested it before, but we cannot help thinking that a "fourfold state" is required in any French guide that is to be really satisfactory, the best division being probably North-West, North-East, Central, and Southern, Paris being either reserved for a separate volume or thrown in with one of the first three. We do not think that, as a matter of fact, any tourist ever includes the Northern provinces—Normandy, Brittany, the Orléannais, the Île de France, Champagne, Burgundy, what is left of Lorraine, and Franche Comté—in a single tour; and we are quite certain that no single volume, unless of portentous size, can ever do justice to such a tour.

This volume, as we have already hinted, is a prodigy of deaf compactness; but it necessarily omits a great deal, and, except to rapid travellers, requires supplementing with "Joanne." That, however, is no heavy fault to find with an English guide, and we have no other. The maps and plans, as usual, deserve the very highest praise.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Bowden's *Guide to the Isle of Man* has no assigned author (at least, that we have discovered), and its illustrations are not quite up to the approved style of such things which has come in lately—always supposing that it is "improvement" to give guide-books any illustrations at all save exact maps and plans. But its price is only a shilling, and it is far in advance of the usual shilling guide of not so many years ago, which used to contain the minimum of information, the maximum of puff and chatter, and a seasoning of jokes that would make a rhinoceros's horn assume a yet more disdainful curve. The author, indeed, of this guide tries his little joke now and then; but what for no? For the rest, "Ellan Vannin" gives plenty of matter for a liberal shilling's-worth, and the shilling's-worth is here very conscientiously and liberally made out, even without the aid of that inevitable supplement on Natural History which, as far as our experience goes, scientific persons disdain, while no unscientific person ever dreams of looking at it.

An older friend is B. Bradshaw's *Dictionary of Bathing Places and Health Resorts* (London: Kegan Paul). As we have explained on former occasions, this Dictionary appears to be intended as a sort of first guide to the selection of a watering-place; and though a surprising amount of information is sometimes packed into its pages as regards individual resorts, it may, of course, be taken for granted that intending voyagers, when they have made up their minds, or are within an ace of making them up, as to what their complaint is, and where they had better go to cure it, will supplement it with more special and detailed indicators. It is astonishing what a number of places for amusement or cure it discloses; for there are some four hundred pages in it, and there are sometimes a dozen entries on the page. True, the right of entry appears to be somewhat liberally assigned; for, even granting the qualifications of the average sea-side resort, though it has no more specially hygienic appliances than a bathing machine and a brass band, we should, we own, be rather curious to know how Amsterdam has to appear. Is it on the strength of the excellent Wynand Fockink, who certainly has helped to cure a good many people of rheumatism, and whose manufactory are put down for a visit? It is better, however, in such books to open the gates too wide than to guard them too jealously; and certainly Messrs. Bradshaw have pursued the more liberal plan. Besides the regular health resorts of England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, here you may find endless Spanish spas, which are at length beginning to provide themselves with the spa-trimmings of civilization; baths in Russia, where, it is curtly said, "there are no proper arrangements"; Iceland (but is a man an egg or a leg of mutton that he should be put into a geyser?); Caucasian retreats, where you may drink "Kefyr" (a sort of goat's cream *mousseuse*, the mere description of which is enough to invite a bilious attack, but which is said to be very good for dyspepsia, stomach diseases, and phthisis), and thermal sulphur springs in Nubia, where the cure might be presumably diversified by the appearance of dervishes with the old choice of "conversion, tribute, or death." All is fish that comes to this net; and, we repeat, we think its meshes are wisely open.

Messrs. Jarrold are every year well to the fore with their issues or reissues of cheap popular guides, mainly, though not merely, to places in East Anglia. This year we have before us a pile of sixpenny volumes half a foot high and more, comprising guides to Hunstanton, which frequently provides the joys of sea to those who cannot get at any other watering-place; Wells, the "Ultima Thule," as some guileless Norfolciensians call it, of its county; Cromer, over which those who do not regard with rapture the overflowing presence of their fellow-men may mourn a little when they think of what it was and is, but which is still charming; Yarmouth, which an enthusiastic tourist once described as "the finest watering-place in England—none of your rubbishy scenery, but lots of bands and niggers," and which, to do it justice, has claims appealing to rather different tastes than his; its neighbour and contrast Lowestoft; Southwold, one of the quietest, but by no means one of the least agreeable, of East Coast resorts; Aldeburgh, visitors to which may read *No Name*, and ought to read (only they won't) Crabbe; Felixstowe, which has at least the credit of having taken to golf before "courses" became as common as public-houses in England; and, lastly, Southend, where the guide-book writer praises "the delicious smell of the seaweed"—a phrase which, doubtless justified, shows that considerable improvement

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must have taken place in this respect of late years. For more inland places the batch also includes Guides to Norwich and Cambridge, with two other numbers—*Fishing in Norfolk Waters*, and *The Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk*, the latter well-known volume being in its twenty-third edition, and deservedly.

We have twice before praised Mr. Samler Brown's *Madeira and the Canary Islands*; but this fact shall not prevent our doing it a third time. Like a good man and author Mr. Brown has not contented himself with merely reprinting his second edition and putting "third" on its title-page, but has revised his text, redrawn his maps, and added a good deal of miscellaneous information, all of which is to the point. He draws, and is right in drawing, special attention to his advertisements, which, as he justly boasts, are all but invariably concerned with the subject of the book itself, and tell you something that you may get, or somewhere whither you may go, in Madeira or the Canaries. We are, of course, aware that advertisements considerably assist in defraying the cost of preparation and publication of such books; but most travellers, we should think, must have had moments of irritation at a guide, for which there is not too much room in the pocket or bag, being bolstered out with advertisements from all parts of the world, which give you a selection of hotels in Jerusalem when you are at Rio de Janeiro, and a choice of shops in Lisbon when you are on the borders of Lapland.

Mr. James Baker's *New Guide to Bristol and Clifton* (London and Clifton: Baker & Son), in which he has enjoyed the collaboration of divers helpers, is a useful handbook not merely to Bristol and its immediate neighbourhood, but to both sides of the Bristol Channel.

The Road Coach Guide (Offices of "The Road") is a handy little volume containing not merely sketches of the routes of the principal coaches that are now run for public use, but a useful selection of drives for independent practice. It is possible that its attractions may be increased for some readers by the liberal gallery of portraits of persons connected with coaching that embellishes its pages; and others need not look at them.

This year's edition of Mr. Percy Lindley's excellent *Walks in Belgium and the Ardennes* (London: 30 Fleet Street) naturally opens with an account of the Antwerp Exhibition. We have not noticed in the daily papers whether the rather appalling idea of a balloon restaurant has actually been carried out. But certainly the Congo department and Old Antwerp (alas! a good deal of Old Antwerp must have disappeared of late years) give excellent opportunities of providing entertainment for those who go down to the sea in the Ankworks package of to-day—a very different vessel from that which excited Mrs. Gamp's wrath. Of the staple of Mr. Lindley's book it is not necessary to repeat former praises.

The same experienced guide-book maker has (for the fifteenth time) re-edited the Great Eastern Railway Company's *Tourist Guide to the Continent*, to which that railway has the credit of having opened the most recent and, in point of steamers, best equipped of all routes, that by the Hook of Holland. This volume, like the other, is very cheap, extremely light and handy, and very fairly illustrated.

Another railway, the Midland, has followed, or set, the example of issuing a *Pocket Guide*, handier and better illustrated than the old "official" guides. The author need not have called second-class carriages "an anomaly," for they are no more anomalous than first or third; but we do not know that, if it pleased him, the pleasure was a crime. Verbal accuracy, no doubt, was made for slaves.

The *Tariff Frame Hotel Guide* (Hotel and General Advertising Company), of which a fifth edition has just appeared, is a little book which is useful even as it is, and which by extension might be made still more so. At present a man who is "knocking about," and has no special knowledge of the place at which he is going to sleep, is quite at the mercy of chance in choosing a hotel, and, unless Bradshaw happens to contain the advertisement of one (which, no doubt, in many cases it does), is unaware of the very name of his inn beforehand. This guide, which is a very small pamphlet, contains, independent of actual advertisements, an eighty-page list of, we should think, ten times as many hotels in different parts of England, the topographical arrangements being particularly clear, and a certain amount of statistical information added. This might be doubled, and even trebled, without the book becoming bulky (especially as some things in it might be omitted), and the trebled list would include most places not extremely out of the way or remote. But it would be well to give a second string wherever there is a good one, and the exact locality of each hotel should always be, and is not often, given. "Centrally situated" or "three minutes' walk from

station" means nothing. "No. 100 Dash Street" is the only indication of the slightest value.

Sea Trips from London (Boat & Carpenter) is a very handy twopenny guide to "down-river" steamers and resorts.

MEMOIRS OF EDMUND LUDLOW.

The Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow, Lieutenant-General of the Horse in the Army of the Commonwealth of England, 1645-1672. Edited, with Appendices of Letters and Illustrative Documents, by C. H. Firth, M.A. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1894.

THE Memoirs of Ludlow hold an important place in one of the few branches of our literature which can be described as, by comparison with the French, poor. They could not be omitted in any English "Petitot" or "Perrin," nor would there be many volumes in such a collection to which they would be notably inferior, either in form or in interest of matter. A new edition of them has long been called for. The earlier editions are not either rare or corrupt in the text, but they are incomplete. Mr. W. D. Christie printed some suppressed passages of the Memoirs in his Life, or rather panegyric, of Shaftesbury, in 1871. Incomplete memoirs are no less odious to a well-regulated mind than incomplete editions, and the Clarendon Press has done another service to historical literature by giving us a complete text in these two handsome volumes. The task could not have been put into better hands than Mr. Firth's. He not only possesses an extensive and minute knowledge of the time and the men, but he has a singularly sound appreciation of the duties of an editor. His introduction, appendices, and notes are strictly kept to their legitimate service, the elucidation of the text. The text itself has been completed by the restoration of the passages to their proper places in the body of the narrative when they can be clearly indicated, and when that is not the case they are printed in the notes. We notice only one sign of weakness, which is Mr. Firth's apparent inability to make his mind up whether he will spell the family name of the Duke of Albemarle according to the old scholarship Monk, or according to the modern pedantry Monck. Ludlow, or his editor, uses the latter form; which is one of the hundred thousand proofs of the futility of fussing about the form of names in times of unfixed spelling. This editor, by the way, Littlebury, suppressed the passages which Mr. W. D. Christie rescued, because they contained reflections on Shaftesbury, whose memory was sacred to the Whigs about the time of the publication of the first edition of the Memoirs, 1698-99. The history of the publication of the Memoirs is traced by Mr. Firth as closely as the evidence permits. Here, then, we have what is rightly dear to every sane man who possesses a bookcase—namely, a complete definitive edition. It might, we think, have advantageously followed the example of the first edition in its form. Three handy duodecimo volumes would have been even more welcome than these two heavy octavos, but use and wont, to say nothing of business considerations, are against us. If the two volumes are not convenient to hold, they will at least make a respectable appearance on a shelf.

Whether, when they have been put in their appointed places, they will be taken down except for purposes which are of a strictly business character, is a question admitting but of one answer. Ludlow is not unreadable. He writes a good, solid, adequate English, rising here and there into, not exactly heights, but rolling grounds at times, when indignation at disrespectful treatment of his own particular orthodoxy stirred him to heat. When he has to describe a fight, such as his own defence of Wardour Castle, or certain passages of his service in Ireland, he almost glows. Nor is he without occasional indications of a sense of humour. Only a man who had at least some glimmerings of that saving gift, and, we may add, whose personal courage had been put beyond question, could have told, as Ludlow tells it, the remarkable story of the conduct of the gentlemen of Lord Essex's Life Guard on the occasion of their first contact with the Cavaliers, between Parshot and Worcester. A body of Parliamentary horse had been cut up, and the fugitives came running back, "many of them without hats," towards the Life Guard, with a story that the enemy was at their heels.

"Our Life Guard, being for the most part strangers to things of this nature, were much alarmed with this report; yet some of us, unwilling to give credit to it till we were better informed, offered ourselves to go out upon a further discovery of the matter. But our captain, Sir Philip Stapylton, not being then with us, his lieutenant, one Bainham, an old soldier [a generation of men much cried up at that time] drawing us into a field, where he pretended we might more advantageously charge if there should be occasion, commanded us to wheel about; but our gentlemen, not yet well understanding the difference between wheeling about and

shifting for themselves, their backs being now towards the enemy, whom they thought to be close in the rear, retired to the army in a very dishonourable manner, and the next morning rallied at the headquarters, where we received but cold welcome from the general, as we well deserved.'

The candour of this confession inclines us to put the greater confidence in Ludlow when he tells how he laid about him in repelling a storming party at Wardour Castle, and how manfully he persisted in doing his duty in the field in Ireland, though suffering from the "country sickness," ague, having first fortified himself against the shivering fit by putting on his warmest clothes, and over them a buff coat, and over that a fur cloak, and over all a suit of oilskins. He must have presented a strange figure. But, though Ludlow's style is not without its dull glow now and then, or its occasional gleam of a rather glowering humour, and is therefore readable, he will never be read for his merits as a writer. His Memoirs are worth having because they are the words of a well-placed witness of one of the most vital parts of English history, and then because they give a picture of a certain stamp of man, and of Englishmen, who recurs at all times.

His value as a witness is subject to limitations, for two reasons, a lesser and more important. The lesser is supplied by the conditions in which he wrote. He meant his Memoirs to be an account not only of his own actions, but of the whole of the wonderful time in which he lived, the Civil War, the Commonwealth, and the Restoration. He wrote in exile, and to a very large extent from memory. When he could get documents he used them. For instance, he almost incorporated Sir John Berkeley's manly and touching account of his mission to the King in 1647—a delightful piece of work by a Cavalier of the noblest type, and the purest honesty. But for the most part he had to draw on his memory, not only of things seen, which is rarely safe, but of things heard, which is nearly always disastrous. Mr. Firth's notes are largely devoted to showing how Ludlow confuses the order of transactions, divides one speech into two, or throws three into one. In fact, his book is full of the inaccuracies which abound for the same reason in Clarendon—unredeemed, it is hardly necessary to add, by the Royalist historian's high merits as a stylist, and unrivalled worth as an interpreter and reproducer of character. A few lines at the beginning of the Memoirs will show how the perspective of the story is ruined when told in these conditions:—

"About this time the most profitable preferments in the English Church were given to those of the clergy who were most forward to promote the imposition of new ceremonies and superstitions. An oath was enjoined by them with an &c. Several new holy days introduced, and required to be observed by the people with all possible solemnity, at the same time that they were encouraged to profane the Lord's Day, by a book commonly called *The Book of Sports*, printed and published by the King's especial command."

"About this time," is a vague date for a series of transactions which began before the accession of Charles, and went on till the appearance of Laud's unlucky &c. oath in 1640. The kind of confusion which is seen here in a general sketch is repeated in details, so that Ludlow must at all times be warily used.

His value as a witness is, however, subject to limitation by something much more serious than defects of memory or want of skill in arrangement—by his character, and the qualities of his mind. Ludlow was obviously, both in the lower and in the higher sense of the word, thoroughly honest. He was not only incapable of being bribed from his cause by self or power, but he would never consciously falsify his evidence to better his own case. In fact, he was so extremely satisfied with himself, so sure of the excellence of his own doctrine, so convinced that if things did not turn out right it was wholly due to the wickedness or weakness of others, that he had no temptation to disguise the truth. There was no more complete pedant and doctrinaire in a time which abounded in those types. Carlyle's description of him as "a strong-boned, resolute, blind gin-horse" seems almost good-natured as one rises from reading his complacent Memoirs. It supplies him with an excuse, for Ludlow was less blind than blinded, and that on a portentous scale. His contemporaries were men of doctrines and theories—Royalist, Republican, or fanatical—but none of them attained to the perfection of doctrinaire orthodoxy reached by the narrow theorizing and the practical priggery of Ludlow. His doctrine may be quite easily stated. The rights of the people were to be enforced by its elected representatives, and those rights were that it was to be governed by as much of Parliament as remained when the King had been beheaded, the Bishops driven out, the Lords abolished, and all those members of the House of Commons who

did not agree with Edmund Ludlow had been expelled by Colonel Pride. This was what he called freedom; and in the name of this interpretation of the word he was as ready to use military force, and to deny liberty to his countrymen, as ever was Cromwell. But Cromwell acted on behalf of some cause which he held to be independent of, and superior to, the wish of the nation. The absurdity of Ludlow's position was that he was for ever talking of the rights and liberties of Englishmen at times when, on his own showing, a free election would have returned a Royalist Parliament, and yet insisting that his party should rule. He insisted that Parliament alone could speak for the nation; but it was Parliament as mutilated by military force. No man was more active in promoting Pride's Purge, and to the last he was bitterly opposed to allowing the excluded members to sit. As he very justly said, to do that was equivalent to agreeing to the return of the King. To prevent such a consummation he was perfectly prepared to employ the army, using all the while the language of the most decorous constitutional orthodoxy. The Rump (not, of course, that he would have used the word) and an obedient army was the ideal of Ludlow and the Republicans. One can understand the kind of fury it inspired in the Royalists, who were oppressed in its name, and insulted at the same time by being told they belonged to a free people, on the one hand, and, on the other, among the soldiers, who found themselves expected to act as the blind tools of a handful of members of Parliament, who had no power whatever except what the sword gave them. It completes the picture that this man, who was so ready to bind his King in chains and his nobles with links of iron, never forgot that he was a gentleman of good descent and large estate in the county of Wilts. He expected to be treated with proportionate respect, and was very high and mighty with low persons who were prepared to make as free with him as he had made with his own superiors. The man, in fact, was an English Girondin. It is a type which recurs in all revolutions, and though there are others more malignant or more base, there is none more exasperating. Some people have been known to take the kind of consistency of which Ludlow was a type as a proof of strength. We have even seen it said that it was a mere accident Carlyle did not choose Ludlow, instead of Cromwell, as his Puritan hero. It is perhaps possible to show a more absolute incapacity to understand character, and the ideas of a great writer, than is indicated by this view; but we doubt it. Cromwell differed from Ludlow as a force differs from a machine. If that appears too violent, then let us say that there was such a gulf between them as separates some Marlborough, who, while resolute as to his end, works towards it by a supple adaptation of means, from the mere drill-book soldier who does "the proper thing" of the drill-book, regardless of circumstances. Ludlow had the fate which usually attends that stamp of fighter. In spite of his undoubted honesty, his fair dealing with opponents in their personal relations (which was not denied by the Royalists), his real courage and his respectable practical faculty in fighting or administration, he was beaten by everybody, and was very little more than the proverbial chip in the porridge which neither helps nor hinders.

DICIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. VOLS. XXXVI.—XXXIX.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXVI. *Malthus—Mason*. Vol. XXXVII. *Masquerier—Millings*. Vol. XXXVIII. *Milman—More*. Vol. XXXIX. *Morehead—Myles*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1893-1894.

THE *Dictionary of National Biography*, advancing with steady pace, has made such way that four volumes are now before us, extending from the name of Malthus to that of Myles. In Vol. XXXVI. we have all the royal Margarets and Marys, and many readers will doubtless pause upon the ever attractive name of Mary Queen of Scots, whose historic charm "age cannot wither." Her present biography, by Mr. T. F. Henderson, will not altogether satisfy the more sentimental of her admirers who insist upon regarding her as a spotless innocent; but those who worship her after the robust fashion of Mr. Swinburne will not find much to distress them. Mr. Henderson believes that she was consenting to the death of Darnley, but he understands her time and her surroundings too well to be greatly shocked. Moreover, there were extenuating circumstances; Darnley himself, "though never put upon his trial, had been guilty both of murder and treason." Perhaps the hardest part of the biographer's judgment upon her is that in her last hours, "although she met her fate with unsurpassable courage, and acted her part with appropriate dignity and grace, her preparations lacked the essential virtue of simplicity." Our English Queen Mary Tudor

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is treated by the editor, Mr. Lee, in a decidedly friendly spirit. He recounts a quaint little story of her appearance in public at the age of two years old, when Henry VIII., carrying her in his arms, exhibited her to a crowd of courtiers, including Wolsey and the Venetian Ambassador :—

'All kissed the child's hand, but Mary suddenly cast her eyes on a Venetian friar, Dionisius Memo, the King's organist, and calling out, "Priest, priest," summoned him to play with her. The childish cry—Mary's first reported words—almost seems of prophetic import.'

Her happy days came to an end when the sinister project of her father's divorce began to be mooted, and she was felt to be an obstacle in his way. It would be difficult for any one, not a Protestant fanatic, to withhold pity for her hardships during the early part of her career, and admiration for her fortitude under the system of threatening and bullying employed to break her uncompliant spirit. Well would it have been for her fame if she could have died shortly after her accession to the throne, with the acclamations of a loyal and sympathetic people still ringing in her ears. Of the Margarets, the most important are the sainted Queen of Scotland (by Sheriff Mackay), and the high-spirited Margaret of Anjou, whose biography, by Professor Tout, raises some points of interest. Readers imbued with the traditions of the Shakspearian drama may be surprised to find the present biographer setting aside the time-honoured belief that the cession of Maine was the price at which Margaret's hand was obtained for Henry VI. "The story," he says, "seems mere gossip, and was, perhaps, based upon an article of Suffolk's impeachment"—something more serious than "mere gossip," one would think, though of course not conclusive. There are so many other interesting and important articles in this volume of the Dictionary that it is difficult to choose among them; but we have found especial pleasure in reading the study of that vague personage, "Sir John Mandeville," by the latest editor of his "Travels," Mr. G. F. Warner. Following the path opened up by those destructive critics, Sir Henry Yule and Mr. E. B. Nicholson, the present biographer leaves "Mandeville" hardly anything of his own. He "may really have been in Egypt, if not at Jerusalem"; but "even this is extremely doubtful." "His knowledge of Mohammedanism and its Arabic formulæ," which "impressed even Yule," came out of the "Liber de Statu Saracenorū" of William of Tripoli (c. 1270). The question of his personal identity is a fascinating one. There was, it appears, a physician settled at Liège, under the name of "Jean de Bourgogne, dit à la Barbe," who is said to have revealed himself in his will as "Messire Jean de Mandeville," an English nobleman who had left his country, having had the misfortune to kill a count (or earl) there. It is now thought that this nobleman in disguise, who had borne, by his own account, the somewhat Victor Hugo-like titles of "comte de Montfort en Angleterre et seigneur de l'île de Campdi et du Chateau Perouse," may actually be traced in England as John de Burgoyne, chamberlain to the Lord Mowbray who was executed after the battle of Boroughbridge in 1322. This John de Burgoyne had himself been previously mixed up in civil strife, and had received a pardon which was now formally revoked, "so that he had cogent reasons for quitting England." Supposing him to have been the physician of Liège, his choice of a pseudonym, and his story about his having slain a count in England, may have been suggested by the fact that a real John de Mandeville had been implicated in the death of Piers Gaveston in 1312. Accepting all this, the literary ability and luck of Burgoyne *alias* Mandeville are remarkable. Impostor and plagiarist as he was, he turned out a book which has lived for five hundred years. The high-sounding name which it pleased him to appropriate cleaves to him inseparably; and he has even enjoyed the title of "the Father of English prose," on the strength of a work which he wrote in French, and which in its English forms is due to unknown translators.

In the thirty-seventh volume Mr. Leslie Stephen supplies interesting biographies of Frederick Denison Maurice, whose character, as he justly says, "was most fascinating"; of James Mill, whose character was quite otherwise, he being in domestic life "a curious example of a man who, while resolutely discharging every duty, somehow made even his virtues unamiable"; and of his greater and far more amiable son, John Stuart Mill. Some details of the educational grind to which the young Mills were subjected are given on the authority of Place, the Radical tailor, who in 1814 was staying with the Mills at Ford Abbey. John Stuart Mill, then eight years old, and his two sisters, were kept at lessons from six to nine, and again from ten to one; and once their dinner-hour was put off from one till six "because the sisters had made a mistake in a single word, and John had passed their exercise." It is to his credit that he did not fulfil Place's

prophecy that the young prodigy would grow up "morose and selfish." Mr. Stephen's estimate of his character and work is too long to quote in full; but we give the concluding lines :—

'The general disparagement of so-called "individualism" has led for the time to a lower estimate of Mill's services to liberal principles. The final decision as to the soundness of his teaching will not yet be reached. But no historian of the social and political movement in his time can fail to note the extraordinary influence which he exercised for a generation; the purity and energy of his purpose; and his immense services in the encouragement of active speculation, and of the most important movements of his time. It is equally noticeable that no one ever did less to court favour by the slightest compromise of principle.'

The articles on Massinger and Middleton are valuable contributions to the history of English dramatic literature; and Dr. Garnett gives an interesting account of that powerful but unequal writer, the Irishman Maturin, who thrilled our forefathers with the complicated *diablerie* of *Melmoth the Wanderer*. Mr. Justice Mathew supplies the biography of his namesake, the good Father Mathew, "apostle of temperance"—so described, without inverted commas, as if some recognized rank or profession was denoted. He is preceded by several Congregationalist or Quaker Mathers, including the quaintly named Increase Mather, President of Harvard College, and his son Cotton Mather. As the latter belongs wholly to New England, it was not absolutely incumbent on the Dictionary to admit his name; but having done so, the debated question of his more or less direct connexion with the atrocious witch-finding mania at Salem village should have been fairly faced, and reference should have been made to the controversial literature, ancient and modern, of the subject. The name of Salem is not even mentioned; and though Cotton Mather's publication of *The Wonders of the Invisible World, being an Account of the Trial of several Witches, &c.*, is named, and described as "his most curious piece, which does little credit either to his understanding or his charity," there is nothing to show its importance as an incident of one of the most horrible accesses of madness that ever overtook a Christian community. Modern "Nonconformity" is represented by Edward Miall, whose "writings did more than anything else to produce a school of aggressive politicians among dissenters," and to whom we are in a great measure indebted for the Liberation Society—doubtful services to mankind, some may think. The well-known phrase of "the Dissidence of Dissent" is now commonly heard as a sarcasm; but it was the motto chosen in all seriousness by Mr. Miall for his organ the *Nonconformist*.

The thirty-eighth volume includes the great names of Milton and More. Mr. Leslie Stephen, as the biographer of Milton, displays his wonted self-restraint in sticking close to facts, and, though his principle is in the main the right one, the reader is tempted to wish that Mr. Stephen would allow himself to stray a little oftener and further into the paths of literary criticism. Biography, at least when written in the modern spirit of minute research, does not show the best of Milton; the unpleasing characteristics of the intellectual prig and the domestic tyrant overshadow the majesty of the poet. It is easier to love Sir Thomas More, whose character is in many ways one of the most attractive known to history, even though its charm is somewhat marred by his attitude towards heretics and the "equanimity" with which, as his present biographer, Mr. Sidney Lee, admits, he viewed "the cruel incidents of persecution." Small blame would this be if More, like most men of his century, had never entertained the idea of tolerance; but the "Utopia" remains to prove that it had at least crossed his mind. Both in this matter of religious toleration and in that of Socialism, he played, as so many do in our own day, with speculative theories which he had not the slightest real desire to see put in practice. By the way, it is surely somewhat of an over-statement when the biographer says that in Utopia "personal liberty is at its zenith." The Utopian's liberty of movement was only within the bounds of his own city; he could not, under pain of severe punishment, travel to another city without a passport, which prescribed the day of his return; he could not even "walke abrode into the feldes" without the consent of his father and his wife. All Socialist systems inevitably trammel personal liberty, and that of Utopia is no exception to the rule.

The biography of Hannah More, another of Mr. Stephen's contributions, may be recommended as a corrective to the ignorant contempt with which it is now too much the fashion to regard her. Mr. Stephen, albeit he indulges in a little gentle sarcasm at her expense, and that of her blue-stocking friends, does justice both to her writings, which "show not only high moral and religious purpose, but strong sense, as well as considerable intellectual vivacity," and to "her services to education at a

time of general indifference." Professor Laughton deals with Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who, after enjoying for about a century and a half the reputation of a hero by land and sea, is now woefully down in the world. One could get over Lord Wolseley's calling him "mad, vain, and vicious"—heroes have been all that; but it is distressing to see the brilliant and knightly "Mordanto" reduced to a rodomontading and spiteful impostor, who somehow managed to appropriate the credit due to better men than himself. Yet this is the position in which Peterborough appears to be definitively placed by the researches first of Colonel Parnell and now of Professor Laughton. The latter writer sums up:—"He [Peterborough] was as foolishly careless of his own as he was culpably careless of the public money; and the common idea that he was a distinguished commander of fleets and armies rests only on his own statements; while the official documents and the reports of the men who were with him in Spain testify to his incompetence." One turns with relief to a genuine hero, Sir John Moore, whose history is well told by a writer lately lost to the Dictionary, Mr. Manners Chichester. Heroic, too, after the mediæval type, is Simon of Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who finds a sympathetic and conscientiously thorough biographer in Miss Kate Norgate. Early in the thirty-ninth volume we light upon a hero of the baser sort in the shape of Sir Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, who achieved several brilliant feats of arms, notably the reduction of Panama in 1671. He was fiendishly cruel, or at least he allowed his men to be so; on one occasion he compelled not only captured priests, but even nuns, to carry and plant his scaling-ladders under the fire of their own countrymen; and, what is more incompatible with buccaneer respectability, he appears to have habitually done his followers out of their fair share of the plunder. All this has, as his biographer says, "unfortunately left a stain on his reputation." Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse supplies a well-written account of that admirable artist and hopeless prodigal George Morland. Of more modern interest, and on subjects of fairer fame, are Dr. Garnett's biography of Murray the publisher, "a consummate man of business, who had caught from his pursuits much of the urbanity that should characterize the man of letters"; the biography of Sir Roderick Murchison, the geologist, by Professor Bonney; and that by Mr. S. Lane-Poole of Sir Robert Morier, the diplomatist, who, after his successful tussle with the Bismarck family, had the pleasure of hearing himself described by a French station-master as "le grand ambassadeur qui a roulé Bismarck." The late Professor Henry Morley receives from Mr. Gardner an appreciative notice, which has been deservedly cited as a proof of the completeness and despatch with which the Dictionary is brought down to date.

Together with this latest volume of the Dictionary is sent a report of the speeches at the dinner recently given by the Editor and contributors to Mr. George Smith. As usual on such occasions, everybody said such handsome things of everybody else that there is not much scope left for an outside admirer. All that can be done is to say ditto, and to congratulate everybody concerned upon their success in making the Dictionary, as Mr. Stephen puts it, "an indispensable work for all serious students of English history and literature."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le second empire à Saint-Cloud. Par le Commandant Schneider, Ancien Régisseur du Palais. Paris: Victor Havard.
Ce qu'elles peuvent. Par Jeanne Schultz. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Le roman de Génevotte. Par Gustave Guesviller. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
La jolie Pimpolaise. Par H. Lafontaine. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Un tendre. Par Louis de Robert. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.
L'amour de Marguerite. Par Gaston Routier. Paris: Le Soudier.
Au retour. Par Henri Ardel. Paris: Plon.

WE are not precisely certain to what English grade of Court service régisseur corresponds; but from the various anecdotes which Commandant Schneider gives of his functions he appears to have been something between a Deputy-Comptroller and Major Domo. Whatever he was, he also appears to have been faithful over what was committed to him; and he certainly seems to make good his point against certain recent anecdotic historians of the fall of the Empire, that he was the only officer of the household—not the merest underling—who remained at his post when every one forsook the Empress and fled in the evil days of September.

Having established this point, however, Commandant Schneider betakes himself to rather miscellaneous, but by no means un-amusing, gossip about the details of the Imperial family and household at Saint-Cloud, the Tuilleries, and elsewhere. He has a

great deal to tell about the childhood of the Prince Imperial, the way in which he was half spoilt and half neglected by his first governor, and the vigorous and soldierly steps which General Frossard took when he came into office, in order to establish a more wholesome state of things. He does ample justice to the kindness of heart of the Emperor himself, but gives some very curious instances of the way in which it was intercepted and nullified by those about him. Nor perhaps are the least amusing things in the book to be found among some comparatively humble details of the *régie* proper. The Commandant does not, we think, refer to the legend or history, much spread in the newspapers of the time, of the twenty thousand (we think it was twenty thousand) unapproachable Havana cigars which were given to Napoleon III. by Prim, and smoked on pillage by the mob of Paris. But he mentions with unaffected feeling how he and his staff buried, in a place presumed safe, some thousands of bottles of particularly choice wine; how the Prussians, with a scent worthy of Blücher, found them out; and how one of their generals, with a brutal geniality beyond praise or blame, congratulated him—M. Schneider—on their goodness. Also he tells a number of very curious below-stairs stories as to the waste and malversation of the Imperial *maison de bouche*. On one occasion, it seems, the Emperor, riding about the demesne of Saint-Cloud, noticed particularly fine wall-fruit in a certain garden called the Garden of the Yellow Gate—a garden, according to M. Schneider, comprising half a mile of walls and standard trees to match. He asked for some of this, and as mere omission to attend to such an impudent request only led to its repetition, he got some. But the same day the officials concerned gathered every fruit, ripe or unripe, from the Garden of the Yellow Gate, and disposed of it, to larn their Emperor to be twod. Less surprising, because more easily carried out as a regular and not an exceptional thing, is the way in which, by the Commandant's account, the Imperial table was usually supplied with these vanities. Every day it seems, as the supplies came in from garden and greenhouse, they were put out on a long kitchen table. Then all the clerks of the kitchen, cooks, *marmitons*, and what not, came and chose what their souls loved from them. And what they did not care for was in due time solemnly arranged on the Imperial dishes. From which it would appear (not, indeed, for the first time) that "like an emperor" is an insufficient simile for unparalleled luxury.

That the author of *La neuvaine de Colette* can write charmingly, and possesses a curiously pure and clean, yet not in the least *bête* or uncultivated, touch, was established a good while ago. But we are not sure that she has not made something of a mistake in recounting the crossed loves—crossed by egotism and inconstancy on the part of the one, of undue precipitancy and trust on that of the other—of Nicole de Saulx and Jacques de Mitry, which form the principal part, though not the whole, of the book. A certain want of action might not be fatal; but, unless the tale were considerably shortened, it ought to have been compensated by a sharper and crisper treatment. The much shorter "Claire de Saulnies" is, we think, better.

The tales in M. Guesviller's *Le roman de Génevotte*, while very innocent, are very bright, well varied, and altogether pleasing. They are couched in a great variety of styles, from fairy tales to stories of the Töpffer, or at least the Sandau, order; and in no case do they fail to "come off."

M. Lafontaine's is also a composite volume. The longest story, which gives the title, combines Breton touches with a great deal of the author's semi-centenarian experience of the stage; the fate of "M. Snob," or "Snobier" (but is that more likely?), is touchingly recounted; "La malédiction de Frédéric" is apparently a real reminiscence of the great actor; and "Une chasse au loup" gives the account of a combat with that ferocious animal, waged successfully with a most unexpected weapon, and resulting in happiness ever after—except to the wolf.

Un tendre is, we suppose, the work of a very young writer, and it is very good work. The moral, indeed, is rather like those morals of Restoration comedy whereof Jeremy Collier justly observed that "it would do a man little service to remember it at his dying day." For it is—rather less genially expressed—the moral of "Celle-ci et Celle-là," a reversion to the old theory of the grisette as an excellent and innocent cure for more pretentious and painful loves. But in other ways the book shows decided talent, and there is nothing morbid, or nasty, or cruel, or dull about it.

Even its moral seems to us much preferable to that of *L'amour de Marguerite*, though this winds up with the most approved marriage bells. For both the writing and the criticism of life here, though it appears as an eighth edition and with an Academician's warranty, seem to us much inferior to M. de Robert's, and we

cannot for the life of us see that you atone for making love to a stepmother by marrying her stepdaughter.

M. Henri Ardell's *Au retour* has a touch of *sensiblerie* and is too long; but in other respects has considerable merits. The heroine is pathetic, the hero neither unnatural nor unmanly.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE volume of reminiscences which Mr. R. C. Leslie styles *A Waterbiography* (Chapman & Hall) is as delightful a book as any Mr. Leslie has written on the building and sailing of yachts and all that pertains to the pleasure and business of these arts. As a record of experiences it will be found full of instruction and entertainment to all who love boating, and especially to all who sail their own craft. It is, using Mr. Leslie's terms of distinction, the "cruising" yachtsman rather than the "sporting" yachtsman to whom this volume appeals. The whole art of "watermanship" is illustrated in his varied and interesting story of disasters and trials and triumphs. Although the story opens in true autobiographical fashion with the statement, "I was born a cockney," the book is not, as some might think—discerning perchance a cockneyism in the title—an autobiography. It refers strictly to Mr. Leslie's life on the water—the element that has ever proved his chief attraction. Wheresoever he chanced to be, he always found himself selecting the nearest way downhill to river-side or sea-shore. There was a time, to be sure, when the tide of his life-interest showed signs of ebbing, and he was threatened with the prospect of being left aground "among the enervating shoals and mud-banks of an artistic career." He was born, as he says, among paintings and the smell of the painting-room. He attended the schools of the Royal Academy. In the year 1834 he made the acquaintance of Turner at Petworth, and the great man, whose love for the sea was a genuine passion, gave him an early lesson in seamanship on Lord Egremont's lake by constructing full-rigged ships, made of sticks and boards and leaves from his sketch-book, which he launched on that inland sea. But Mr. Leslie's pleasure in Art was chiefly confined to making drawings of marine subjects. He delighted in the seaman's view of the sea and of ships—a view never popular in picture galleries. Those who know his books, however, know how skilful a draughtsman he became, and probably he was learning better than he knew while under the care of Mr. Jones, R.A., in Trafalgar Square. He exhibited several paintings at the Royal Academy—one of which was inspired by Dana's famous book, *Two Years Before the Mast*—before he betook himself to Sidmouth, and began his adventurous career as a builder and navigator of yachts. His account of life in that charming, and at the time unsophisticated, little fishing town is exceedingly pleasant. Here he built his first little boat, the *Foam*, in an abandoned coach-house. She was some fifteen feet by six in measure, and cost but £1., and, after years of pleasurable use, was sold at the same price. Later a very different enterprise was started at Sidmouth in the construction of the "clench-built" yacht, the *Rip Van Winkle*, the gradual evolution of which drew forth from the local critics some severe censures of an amusingly divergent kind. Mr. Leslie's description of the designing and building of this yacht leaves a lively impression of the trials of an amateur yacht-builder. Of the success of the undertaking, the reader of *A Waterbiography* must be left to judge. We are sure he will not put the book down without reading the whole of the story at a spell.

Captain Howard Patterson's *Navigator's Pocket-Book* (Sampson Low & Co.) calls for notice here with something of apt concinnity. This little book comprises practical formulae for the aid of the navigator. It is arranged in dictionary form, and offers "means of immediate recourse to any and every subject within the sphere of the practical navigator." The author observes, with truth, that there are many "voluminous and bewildering works on the subject of navigation," and he has been led to supply the want of a handy guide that should be strictly serviceable and written in good homely terms. Were we to cite the full text of the title-page in which the infinite riches in little room of this pocket-book of navigation are indicated, a tolerably lengthy paragraph would be needed. Its comprehensiveness may be sufficiently denoted by the description—"Filled with Pure Gold, arranged for immediate reference to any Navigation subject."

Mr. J. W. Clark's "Rede Lecture," *Libraries in the Mediæval and Renaissance Periods* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes), is emphatically one of those which Johnson would have excepted from his general conclusion as to the value of lectures. When delivered, this lucid address was fully illustrated by means of lantern-slides. In its printed form, the references to these

pictures are retained, while illustrations are added which are necessary to the elucidation of the subject by the reader, unless, indeed, he is an expert or student. Among the points of Mr. Clark's discourse thus illustrated may be named the connexion of mediæval book-presses with Roman *armaria*, the similarity in arrangement and fittings of convent libraries and college libraries, and the various methods of chaining books. Thus a portion of the well-known print by Woudanus (1610), of the University library at Leyden, and the drawing of the curious bookcase in Hereford Cathedral, serve admirably to show what was for long the more prevailing fashion. The sketches of fifteenth-century bookcases at the library of Cesena afford the earliest examples known to Mr. Clark of a different method, necessitated by the elaborate bosses of heavier and more ornate bindings, first introduced on the Continent, which precluded the more economical fashion of setting the books on end. The historic examples cited in the lecture show how remarkable was the conservatism of those who had the ordering of libraries. In 1651 Humphrey Cheetham directed that the books he bequeathed to certain churches near Manchester should be chained; and as late as 1594 James Leaver, "citizen of London," gave books to the grammar school at Bolton which were chained in a cupboard, "very like the *armarium* of a monastic cloister." Wren appears to have been the first designer of libraries who burst these chains, in more senses than one, by placing the windows high overhead, so as to utilize the wall-space—as at Trinity College, Cambridge.

A library may be regarded, as Mr. Clark observes, either as a workshop or as a temple or haunt of the Muses—that is to say, as a museum. It is the former view that engages Mr. William L. Fletcher in his little book, *Public Libraries in America* (Sampson Low & Co.)—a view proper to a writer who treats chiefly of the rise and development of the Public Library in America. Mr. Fletcher's interesting book comprises a history of the movement, and touches also on administrative matters and the work of librarians. One suggestion Mr. Fletcher makes that is likely to perplex those in charge of English Free Libraries. "No library," he remarks, "ought to issue works of fiction except under the constant oversight of an attendant qualified to give wholesome advice to readers, thus furnishing the guidance which all need and very many request." We are told that this dreadful work is actually being done—by lady librarians especially—in the United States. Let us consider what a propaganda might be set going for the intense, or the historical, or the didactic, or the merely purposeful novel by this insidious proposal! In the meanwhile people who know what they want would be kept waiting as the librarian exhorts the unready to take the high-toned volumes of his choice. Sometimes, it seems, this superfluous labour is discharged through the catalogue, though as to how this is done we can only guess.

There seems to be a demand for plays for the amateur that make no demand on the scene-painter, since *The Early Bird, and Other Drawing-room Plays*, by Beatrix L. Tollemache (Remington & Co.), is but one collection of the kind that has been before us of late. These little plays by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache are skilfully adapted to the circumstances in view, and ought to prove popular in the hands of fairly skilled exponents. Most of the pieces would not unduly tax the powers of fairly intelligent young people.

With excellent promptitude has been issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge the *Official Report* of the Missionary Conference of the Anglican Communion, which was held during the last four days of May and the 1st of June. The Report, which is edited by Mr. George A. Spottiswoode, comprises a full account of speeches, discussions, and all other proceedings, occupies over seven hundred closely printed pages, and is provided with an index of speakers and a synopsis of contents—a feature of the book that is certainly not superfluous, considering the scope and representative character of the Conference, the first of the kind that may justly be termed Pan-Anglican. Other missionary meetings, such as those of the C.M.S. or the S.P.G., may have attracted greater numbers of the public, but this Conference, as Mr. Spottiswoode aptly remarks, must not, therefore, be regarded as less successful. It was peculiarly a gathering of active workers from all parts of the world, met together to tell of their experience, for general exhortation and encouragement. From this point of view the Conference was eminently successful, and deserving of the full record it receives in this interesting volume.

Lean's Royal Navy List (Witherby & Co.)—to give the old "Royal Navy List" the new title that distinguishes it more clearly from the official "Navy List"—appears in the new edition for July corrected to date, with Admiralty announcements of promotions and appointments up till the middle of

June, and notes of the services of officers engaged in the recent Gambia expedition and in the expedition against Fumo Omari at Vitu, Zanzibar. For the rest, the List exhibits in all respects the compactness and completeness that have long characterized it.

Among new editions we have to note Mr. Charles H. Pearson's *National Life and Character: a Forecast* (Macmillan & Co.); *Elementary Treatise on Natural Philosophy*, based on Deschanel's *Traité de Physique*, by Professor J. D. Everett (Blackie & Son), thirteenth edition, revised, with additions; Sir Herbert Maxwell's *Life of William Henry Smith, M.P.* (Blackwood & Sons); *Mrs. Romney*, by Rosa N. Carey (Bentley & Son); and *Poppy Land*, by Clement Scott (Jarrold & Sons), fourth edition, illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

We have also received Lessing's *Laokoon*, translated by E. C. Beasley (Bell & Sons), "Modern Translations" series; Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Books III. and IV., edited, with notes, introduction, and glossary, by A. Wilson Verity, M.A. (Cambridge: at the University Press); *Scientific Taxidermy for Museums*, by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, based on a study of the United States National Museum (Washington: Government Office), with illustrations of casts, mounted specimens, &c.; *Nero, Part II.*, being No. 8 of "Plays by Robert Bridges" (Bell & Sons); *I Mississipiani*, by G. Caetani (Rome: Bertero), a sketch of John Law and his famous "bubble"; *A Short Memoir of Emily Minet*, edited by the Rev. C. G. Gepp (Remington, Percival, & Co.), a sketch of the work of Miss Minet, for twenty years lady superintendent of the Nursing Home at Stratford-on-Avon; *India in Nine Chapters*, by A. M. O. Richards (Roxburgh Press); *The English Novelists*, from 1700 to 1850, by P. F. Rowland (Oxford: Blackwell), the "Chancellor's Essay," 1894; *The Frogs, and other Poems*, by Francis S. Kemp (Digby, Long, & Co.); and *From Manuscript to Bookstall*, by A. D. Southam, a guide to the cost of printing and binding books, methods of publishing, &c. (Southam & Co.)

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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HENRY DOBBIN, Secretary.

[July 28, 1894.]

THEATRES, &c.

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EVENING OPENING (8 to 10 P.M.). — Exhibition Galleries of the British Museum, Bloomsbury, will again be OPEN to the public in the EVENING, from 8 to 10 o'clock, on and after Wednesday, August 1.
 British Museum. July 24, 1894. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON, Principal Librarian and Secretary.

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